

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

A THRILL A MINUTE

MAR. NO. 48

CRIME

AUTHORIZED A. C. M. P.



AND

PUNISHMENT



ILLUSTORIES

10¢

TRUE
CRIMINAL CASE HISTORIES!

LEV GLEASON, PUBLISHER · CHARLES BIRO AND BOB WOOD, EDITORS



PLAY TIGER RAG!

WAIT TILL THE BAND STRIKES UP! THEN LET HIM HAVE IT!

TIGER RAG COMING UP!

LEV GLEASON PUBLICATIONS



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 Alton Laboratories to All Sufferers of
PIMPLES

Acne, Blackheads, and Other
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Only Alton Medicated Skin Formula #38 Will Cover
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to

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*To the best of our present knowledge.

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 BACK GUARANTEE**

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ALTON LABORATORIES, INC.

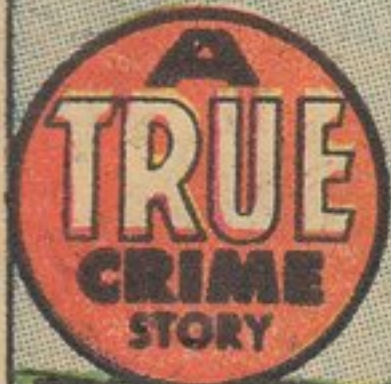
DEDICATED TO THE ERADICATION OF CRIME

GREED, REVENGE AND A PRETTY CHORUS GIRL LEAD TO

MURDER

AT THE MASQUERADE

GEORGE MADSON, RACKETEER, AND "TOPS" SEDGMAN, NIGHT-CLUB OWNER, HAD ONE THING IN COMMON... THEIR MURDEROUS HATRED FOR ONE ANOTHER... THEIR MOTIVE WAS REVENGE! THEIR GOAL, EACH OTHER'S DEATH! HOW THEY WENT ABOUT GETTING THEIR HEARTS' DESIRE IS THE MOST ASTONISHING ADVENTURE IN HOMICIDAL HISTORY!



EXCUSE ME IF I DON'T USE MY SCYTHE, MADSON... BUT I THINK I CAN KILL YOU JUST AS NEATLY WITH MY PISTOL!

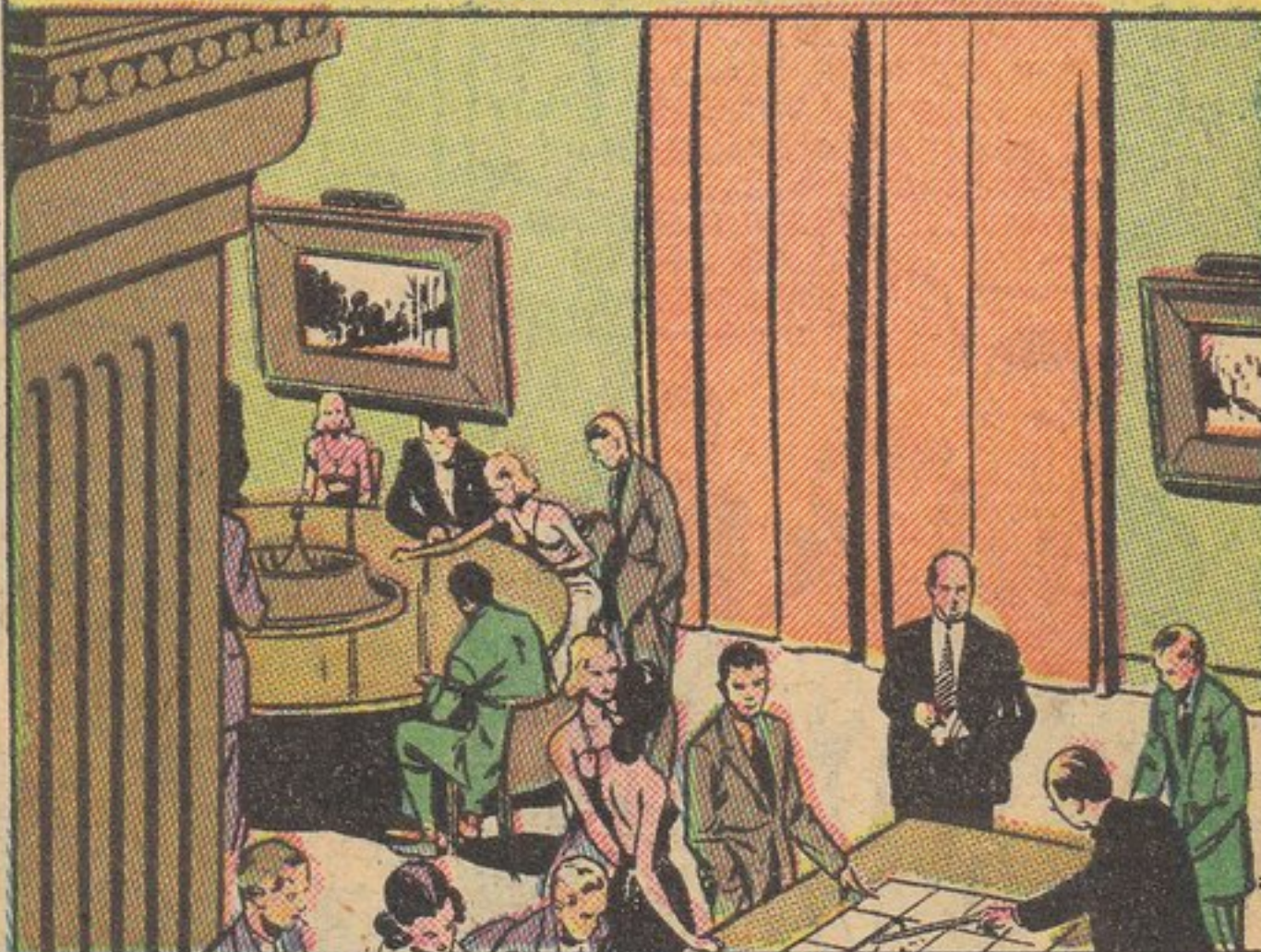
W..WHO ARE YOU?

DON'T YOU KNOW? HE'S THE GRIM REAPER! LET MADSON HAVE IT, REAPER!

TOPS SEDGMAN'S CASA CUBANA HAD A DOUBLE PERSONALITY! IT HAD A FLOORSHOW IN FRONT FOR THE VISITING FIREMEN...



...AND A GAMBLING HALL IN THE REAR FOR THE SUCKERS, OUT-OF-TOWN OR IN-TOWN! BETWEEN THE TWO BUSINESSES, TOPS SEDGMAN MADE A COMFORTABLE INCOME...



CRIME AND PUNISHMENT



...SO DID GEORGE MADSON, GANGSTER! MADSON TOOK FIFTY PER CENT OF SEDGMAN'S PROFIT FOR LETTING SEDGMAN LIVE! QUITE A FEW NIGHTCLUB OWNERS WERE IN THE SAME BOAT... IT MADE MADSON FEEL VERY RICH AND POWERFUL! AND HE WAS!

SHE'S DANCING OVER THIS WAY NOW! THIS ICE OUGHT TO GET HER EYE!

NOT GLORIA! HER EYES ARE VIOLET, NOT GREEN!

YOU DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT CHORUS GIRLS, WAXEY! THEY ALL HAVE GREEN EYES! GIVE 'EM FURS, JEWELS, SNAPPY CARS AND THEY'LL LET YA WINE AND DINE 'EM!

GLORIA'S DIFFERENT, GEORGE! YOU GET A FEW DATES OUT OF HER BUT THAT'S ALL YOU'LL GET!



WHO ASKED YOUR ADVICE YOU CHUMP! MONEY TALKS! MONEY GETS YOU ANYTHING! THE DAME YOU WANT! THE LIFE YOU WANT...THE GUYS YOU WANT TO SEE DEAD!

OoOFF!



HEY, SUGAR! TAKE A LOOK! SIX CARATS AND THERE'S SPECIAL MUSIC GOES WITH IT... THE WEDDING MARCH...MR. BIG SHOT'S GOT IT BAD!

A WEDDING RING! WHAT AM I GOING TO DO?



YOU HAVEN'T SAID ANYTHING BABY... FLOORED, EH? SURE, NOT ONE GIRL IN A MILLION CAN BECOME MRS. MADSON, YOU'RE SOMETHING SPECIAL, SUGAR!

PLEASE, MR. MADSON... LET ME GO... MY ACT...



TO BLAZES WITH YOUR ACT! I'M TAKING YOU OUT OF ALL THIS! YOU'LL BE ROLLING IN PLUSH! EATING OFF GOLD PLATES! I WANT AN ANSWER, BABY, AND THERE'S ONLY ONE ANSWER... SAY IT!

PLEASE, GEORGE, YOU'RE EMBARRASSING ME...



LET HER GO, GEORGE! THE KID'S GOT A JOB TO DO! YOU WANT TO SEE HER AFTER THE SHOW, OKAY, BUT I'VE GOT A BUSINESS TO RUN, AND YOU'RE RUINING IT!

OKAY, SEDGMAN! SUGAR... SEE YOU AFTER THE SHOW!



SIR GALAHAD, ALL OF A SUDDEN, YOU'VE GOT NO SPECIAL INTEREST IN VIOLET EYES, HAVE YOU, SEDGMAN?

THAT GIRL? DON'T BE A FOOL, MADSON! I DON'T KNOW SHE'S ALIVE! THESE GIRLS WORK FOR ME, THAT'S ALL!

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

THAT'S LUCKY FOR YOU, SEDGMAN! IT WOULD BE TOO BAD FOR ANY GUY WHO TOOK A FANCY TO MY GIRL! I'D PUT HIM OUT OF BUSINESS! KNOW WHAT I MEAN?

I ALWAYS KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN, MADSON, BUT YOU DON'T HAVE TO GET TOUGH—I'M NOT INTERESTED IN WOMEN!

BUT WHEN SEDGMAN ENTERED HIS OFFICE ABOUT FIVE MINUTES LATER...

ONE OF THE DAMES TO SEE YOU, TOPS! WANNA SEE HER?

I NEED YOUR HELP! I HAVEN'T A SOUL TO TURN TO! I'M IN AN AWFUL SPOT, MR. SEDGMAN! YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME!

OKAY—I CAN SPARE A COUPLE MINUTES! WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND, SISTER?

TEN MINUTES LATER...

OKAY, SO MADSON'S CRAZY ABOUT YOU! HE BOTHERS YOU NIGHT AND DAY! HE SHOWERS YOU WITH GIFTS! YOU'RE A NICE KID AND I LIKE YOU, BUT WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO ABOUT MADSON?

HE'S USED TO KICKING PEOPLE AROUND AND WORSE! I'M AFRAID OF HIM! I HATE HIM!

I DON'T WANT TO MARRY HIM! I WANT HIM TO LEAVE ME ALONE! BUT HE WON'T STAY AWAY... AND N. NOBODY CAN HELP ME! NOBODY!

YOU'RE A FUNNY GAL! ANY OTHER KICKER IN THE CHORUS WOULD GIVE HER EYE-TEETH TO MARCH DOWN THE AISLE WITH MADSON... MAYBE HE'S REPULSIVE, BUT HE'S LOADED!

I DON'T CARE! I DON'T LOVE HIM! I WANT HIM TO STAY AWAY FROM ME! CAN'T YOU DO SOMETHING, MR. SEDGMAN? YOU KNOW MR. MADSON!

YEAH, BABY, I KNOW HIM... HE'S A VERY TOUGH EGG, BUT I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO! YOU KNOW YOU'RE VERY PRETTY—I CAN SEE HOW MADSON FELL FOR YOU!

A HALF HOUR LATER...

HEY! GET THAT! THE LADIES DRESSING ROOM HAS A NEW ATTENDANT!

TAKE OFF, MADSON! THE LITTLE LADY DOESN'T WANT TO GET HITCHED! THERE'S PLENTY OF FISH IN THE SEA... HOOK YOURSELF ANOTHER MERMAID!

BLOW, SEDGMAN! BLOW, BEFORE YOU BECOME A GUEST OF HONOR AT A WAKE!

I DON'T BLOW, MADSON! I OWN THIS DUMP, NOT YOU! YOU GET YOUR CUT, THAT'S ALL! YOU CAN'T PLAY GOD AND STEP ON PEOPLE... LIKE THAT KID INSIDE!

WAIT A MINUTE... WHAT'S SHE TO YOU?

RELAX, GUMMY! MR. SEDGMAN'S GOING... ONE WAY OR THE OTHER, AIN'T YOU, MISTER SEDGMAN!

DON'T POINT ANYTHING AT ME, WAXEY! NOT EVEN YOUR FINGER...

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CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

YOU AREN'T THE ONLY PERSON MADSON'S TRIED TO WIPE HIS FEET ON, BABY! YOU'RE JUST THE LATEST AND CUTEST! I KNOW A DOZEN GUYS INCLUDING ME, WHO'VE BEEN DREAMING ABOUT SHAKING MADSON OFF THEIR NECKS...

B..BUT WON'T HE TRY TO KILL YOU?

EXIT

SURE, HE WILL! BUT WE WON'T LET HIM! MATTER OF FACT, I'M CONTACTING A BUNCH OF GUYS WHO FEEL AS I DO—THAT IT'S HIGH TIME MADSON CASHED IN HIS CHIPS! AS FOR YOU, BABY, I'M GETTING YOU A BODY-GUARD!

SPEAKING OF BODYGUARDS, WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOUR-SELF?

I CAN TAKE A HINT... HANG AROUND! I'LL TAKE YOU HOME AFTER WE CLOSE!

BREAK THAT PROMISE AND MADSON WON'T HAVE TO KILL YOU... I WILL!

DRESSING ROOM

ONE NIGHT, A WEEK LATER...

BABY, I WON'T OFFER YOU A RING THE WAY MADSON DID! THAT GOES WITHOUT SAYING! THE CHIEF ATTRACTION IS ME! I WANT TO BE YOUR HUSBAND! WHAT DO YOU SAY?

DON'T YOU KNOW, DARLING? CAN'T YOU READ IT IN MY EYES? I'M THE HAPPIEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD!

BUT AS THEY WERE ABOUT TO KISS...

TOPS! THAT CAR! I RECOGNIZE IT! IT'S MADSON'S! I USED TO GO OUT ON DATES IN IT WITH HIM!

WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!

BE CAREFUL WHERE YOU SHOOT! DON'T HIT THE GIRL!

GET DOWN, GLORIA! WE'RE DRIVING ACROSS THEIR LINE OF FIRE!

BANG! BANG!

THE DOUBLE-CROSSIN' HEEL! HE'S MAKIN' A RUN FOR IT!

DON'T LET HIM ESCAPE! I'LL PAY FIVE GRAND TO THE GUY THAT PLUGS HIM! GET HIM!

BANG! BANG!

BUT THREE MINUTES LATER...

WE MADE IT, HONEY... RIGHT OUT OF THE SKUNK'S TRAP! THEY CAN'T CATCH US NOW! THIS BOAT IS SUPER-SOUPED! COME UP NOW, GLORIA... COME U...

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT



S...SHE'S DEAD!
SHE CAUGHT A BULLET!
GLORIA!
GLORIA!

THE FOLLOWING DAY...



NOW IT'S A WAR TO THE DEATH BETWEEN US! I WON'T REST TILL I'VE KILLED MADSON! HE TOOK THE ONE THING FROM ME I LOVED...

MADSON SAYS THE SAME THING ABOUT YOU! HE SAYS YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE GIRL'S DEATH BECAUSE YOU STARTED THE FIGHT!



HE RISKED HER LIFE TRYING TO GET ME! I'D NEVER HAVE DONE THAT... NOT TO GET A HUNDRED MADSONS! WELL, HE'S FINISHED! ARE YOU NIGHT CLUB OWNERS BEHIND ME?

YOU BET! WE'LL GIVE YOU DOUGH AND MEN, TOPS... WE WANT MADSON DEAD AS MUCH AS YOU DO! THE GUY'S A BLOOD SUCKER!



SEDGMAN WAS PATIENT! HE WAITED HIS OPPORTUNITY! IT CAME IN TWO WEEKS! HE LEARNED MADSON WOULD BE AT A MASQUERADE PARTY, SO SEDGMAN DRESSED AS THE GRIM REAPER FOR HIS INTENTIONS WERE DEADLY!

HE'S IN THE CORNER, TOPS, DRESSED AS A CLOWN!

A CLOWN, EH... WE'LL GIVE HIM SOMETHING TO LAUGH ABOUT!



ONE GOOD THING ABOUT A COSTUME- NOBODY KNOWS OUR REAL IDENTITIES!

AIN'T MADSON NICE! HE'S HELPIN' US BY STANDIN' NEAR THE EXIT!

HERE YOU ARE, HONEY! TWO JIGGERS AND TWO ICE CUBES!



I HOPE THE DRINK WON'T MAKE YOU COLD... HEY! WHO ARE YOU?

YOU'LL NEVER FIND OUT, MADSON... YOU'RE GOING BY-BY!



THIS IS FOR GLORIA!

WAAA!



IT'S GOT TO BE SEDGMAN! WHO ELSE COULD IT BE, WAXEY?

YEAH, IT MUST BE HIM— THOUGH EVERY NIGHT SPOT OWNER AN' GAMBLER WAS BEHIND SEDGMAN! THEY ALL WANT TO GET OUR MOB, BUT WE'RE TAKIN' OVER IN PLACE OF MADSON! AN' WE'RE MAKIN' SEDGMAN OUR FIRST EXAMPLE!

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...SO SEDGMAN SURROUNDED HIMSELF WITH A WALL OF BODYGUARDS AND WENT ABOUT BUSINESS AS USUAL...

SO WAXEY YULE, HEIR PRETENDER TO MADSON'S THRONE, LET THE UNDERWORLD KNOW THAT TOPS SEDGMAN WAS DOOMED! WHAT'S MORE, HE GAVE THE EXACT NIGHT...

PACKED HOUSE, BOSS! THE WORD WENT AROUND YOU'D GET IT TONIGHT SO THEY'VE ALL TURNED OUT TO SEE THE FUN!

LET 'EM... THEY WON'T SEE ANYTHING BUT THE FLOORSHOW! THAT WAXEY YULE IS SCARED OF HIS OWN SHADOW! HE WON'T COME HERE!

...AND AFTER THE FLOORSHOW IS OVER...

NOW DON'T BE STUBBORN ABOUT STAYIN' HERE, TOPS! WE WANT TO MAKE A LIAR OUT OF YULE!

WELL, HE'LL NEVER GET ME NOW! THE ONLY WINDOW IN THIS HAND PICKED ROOM FACES A BLANK WALL! HEAVILY ARMED GUARDS STAND OUTSIDE MY DOOR!

THERE WERE ALSO GUARDS IN THE ENTRANCE, GUARDS IN THE LOBBY, AND GUARDS PATROLLING THE STREET!

HOTEL JAMES

BUT WAXEY YULE WAS CUNNING! HE HAD HIS MOB LOWER HIM FROM THE HOTEL ROOF IN A SIGNPAINTER'S CHAIR!

A FEW MORE FEET AND I'LL PLUG THE CRUMB RIGHT THROUGH THE OPEN WINDOW!

OKAY, TOPS! WHEN YOU SEE MADSON, TELL HIM WAXEY YULE SENDS HIS REGARDS!

THEY'RE ON THE ROOF! THEY LOWERED YULE ON A CHAIR! QUICK, BOYS, GET TO THE ROOF!

MOMENTS LATER...

KILL THE DIRTY RATS! THEY SHOT TOPS IN THE BACK!

LOOK! THE WINCH THAT LOWERED WAXEY YULE! THAT MEANS HE'S STILL DANGLIN'! C'MON!

EAAAA!

HAVE A NICE TRIP ON YOUR WAY DOWN, WAXEY!

JOE! LOOK! THE COPS! THEY MUST'VE HEARD THE SHOOTIN'!

NO! EEEEE!

THE POLICE WERE THERE, AND THE BODY OF TOPS SEDGMAN WAS LOADED IN THE SAME BLACK LIMOUSINE WITH THE CORPSE OF WAXEY YULE...

YOU KNOW, SOMETHIN', COPPER? THE FIGHT DIDN'T MAKE SENSE! SO THEY FOUGHT AN' KILLED EACH OTHER! WHO WON? NOBODY!

YOU'RE TOO SMART TOO LATE, CHUM... NOBODY WINS WHEN THEY SETTLE PROBLEMS WITH A GUN... ALL ANYBODY GETS FROM CRIME IS A LONG STRETCH OR A WICKER BASKET!

THE END

IN CONSIDERATION OF INNOCENT PERSONS INVOLVED AND RELATIVES OF OTHERS, THE NAMES OF CHARACTERS DEPICTED IN THIS MAGAZINE ARE FICTITIOUS. ANY SIMILARITY TO NAMES OF PEOPLE LIVING OR DEAD IS ENTIRELY COINCIDENTAL. THIS IN NO WAY AFFECTS THE ACCURACY OF THESE STORIES WHICH ARE BASED ON FACT.

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DEDICATED TO THE ERADICATION OF CRIME

HENRY DARPIS

PUBLIC ENEMY NO. 1 (1931-1936)

THE CRIMES OF VIOLENCE COMMITTED BY HIM IN THE FIVE BLOODY YEARS OF HIS CAREER ARE HEREIN FOR THE FIRST TIME MADE PUBLIC AS ONLY CRIME AND PUNISHMENT CAN TELL THEM!



WANTED
for MURDER



HENRY DARPIS
KIDNAPPING
ROBBERY



HENRY DARPIS, "OLD CREEPY," WAS PUBLIC ENEMY NO. 1 TO BOTH THE POLICE AND HIS FELLOW GANGSTERS. A MARBLE SHOOTING CHAMPION DURING HIS KANSAS BOYHOOD, KARPIS TURNED TO GUN-SHOOTING, AND NETTED HIMSELF \$500,000, BY ROBBERY AND KIDNAPPING, BEFORE J. EDGAR HOOVER AND TWENTY G-MEN STARTED ON HIS TRAIL!

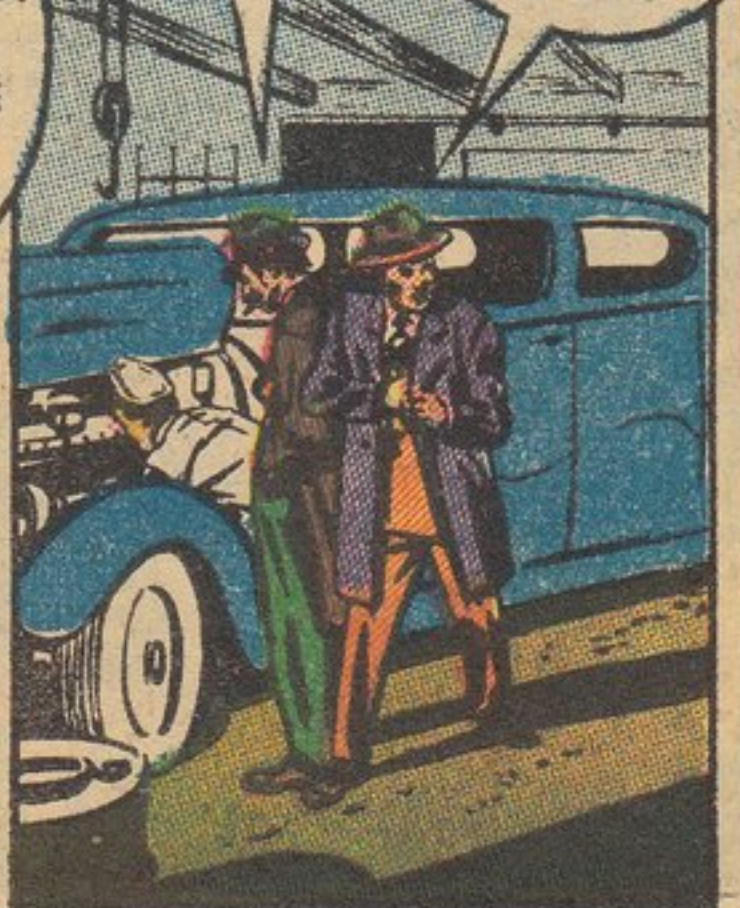
IN THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE, WEST PLAINS, MISSOURI, ON DECEMBER 19TH, 1931...

KEEP A SHARP LOOK-OUT FOR 'EM, SHERIFF! THEY JUST HELD UP A JEWELRY STORE, AND RACED AWAY IN A NEW BLUE SEDAN, HEADED TOWARD YOUR TERRITORY IN WEST PLAINS!



THAT'S ODD! HOLD ON A SECOND! THERE'S A BLUE SEDAN TURNING INTO THE GARAGE ACROSS THE STREET NOW! I'LL CALL YOU BACK!

JUST NEVER MIND THE COST! SLAP IN A NEW WATER-PUMP! WE'RE IN A RUSH!



HEY, DOC, THE LAW JUST WALKED IN!! GRAB YOUR GUN!!

HEY, YOU TWO—I WANT TO TALK TO YOU!!

NOT TO US, FATTY! WE AIN'T BEEN PROPERLY INTRODUCED!



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DON'T!! DARPIS— ARE YOU NUTS?

SHUT UP, AND GET THE CAR STARTED! WE'RE TOO HOT TO BE QUESTIONED— EVEN BY HICK SHERIFFS!!



WHAT'D YA SHOOT HIM FOR? WE COULD'VE PUT 'IM TO SLEEP! NOW WE'RE SO HOT, WE WON'T BE ABLE TO STOP ANY PLACE, EVEN FOR FIVE MINUTES! I SHOULD RAM THAT GUN DOWN YOUR THROAT!!

LOOK HERE, BARKER— WHEN I DECIDE TO DO SOMETHING, I AIN'T STOPPIN' TO ASK YOUR PERMISSION!



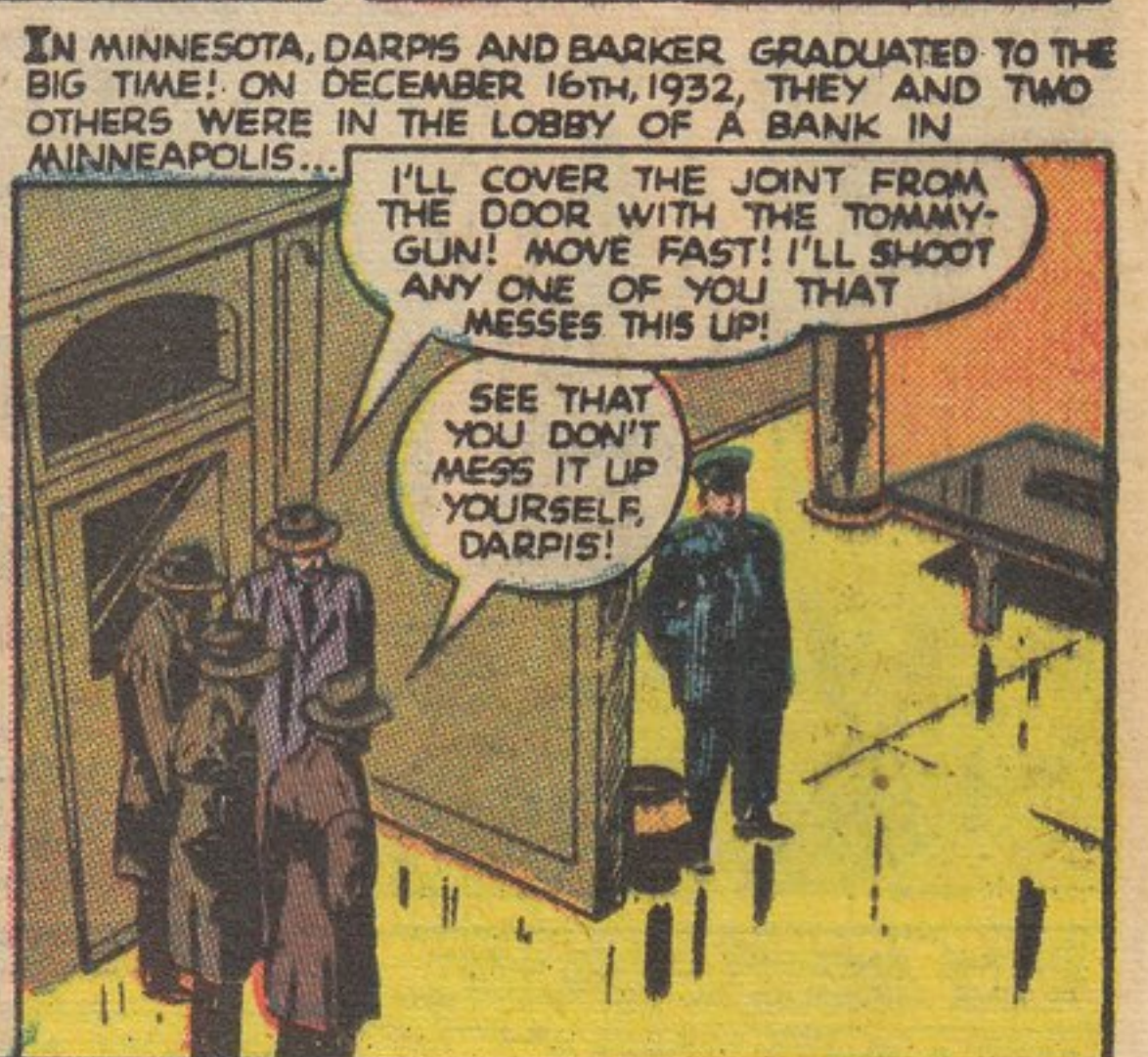
WE'D LOOK GREAT PULLED IN BY A TANK-TOWN SHERIFF! WHAT WOULD YOUR MA SAY?

I DON'T KNOW WHAT SHE'LL SAY ABOUT THIS DEAL, BUT IF I KNOW HER, SHE'LL NO DOUBT TELL US TO GET A THOUSAND MILES BETWEEN US AND MISSOURI BY TOMORROW!!



AT THE BARKER HIDEOUT... IF DOC HAD YOUR GUTS, HE'D GET FARTHER, DARPIS! NOW YOU BOYS GET GOING! WRITE ME FROM ST. PAUL— YOU GOT ENOUGH DOUGH?

YEAH, WE GOT SOME, THANKS! YOU'RE A REAL GOOD GIRL, MA! WE'LL KEEP IN TOUCH WITH YOU!



IN MINNESOTA, DARPIS AND BARKER GRADUATED TO THE BIG TIME! ON DECEMBER 16TH, 1932, THEY AND TWO OTHERS WERE IN THE LOBBY OF A BANK IN MINNEAPOLIS...

I'LL COVER THE JOINT FROM THE DOOR WITH THE TOMMY-GUN! MOVE FAST! I'LL SHOOT ANY ONE OF YOU THAT MESSES THIS UP!

SEE THAT YOU DON'T MESS IT UP YOURSELF, DARPIS!



REACH!! THE FIRST ONE THAT MOVES GETS HIS GUTS BLOWN OUT!!

A...A HOLDUP!! UHHH..

SHUT UP!!

HAND IT OUT THROUGH THE WINDOW, AN' NO SMALL CHANGE!!

WE WANT EVERY GREEN BACK IN THIS BANK, OR YOU ALL DIE!!



ALL RIGHT— ANYONE ELSE WANT TO ARGUE?

EE!!!!!!

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT



FASTER, DOC! THIS IS GETTIN' TOO HOT!

COVER ME, DARPIS—I'M LOADED! I CAN'T SHOOT!!

RAT-TAT-TAT!

BANG



STOP, OR I'LL KILL YOU!! AGHH...

YOU'RE NOT KILLIN' NOBODY!

RAT-TAT-TAT!



NICE WORK! A LITTLE MESSY MAYBE, BUT TWO COPPER'S ARE KNOCKED OFF, AN' ALL THIS MOOLA! I DON'T KNOW WHICH IS THE BETTER HAUL!

YOU GIVE ME THE CREEPS THE WAY YOU THROW LEAD AROUND—LIKE YOU'RE JUST BEGGIN' TO BE FRIED!



I GOTTA HAND IT TO YOU FOR THE WAY YOU DID IN MINNEAPOLIS, BUT REILLY JUST CALLED—HE SAID THE COPS ARE GONNA RAID THIS DUMP! SO WE GOTTA MOVE OUT FAST!

I'M NOT ACCUSIN' ANYBODY, BUT SOMEONE AROUND HERE IS TIPPING OUR HAND! THE LAW'S BEEN FINDIN' US TOO OFTEN LATELY!



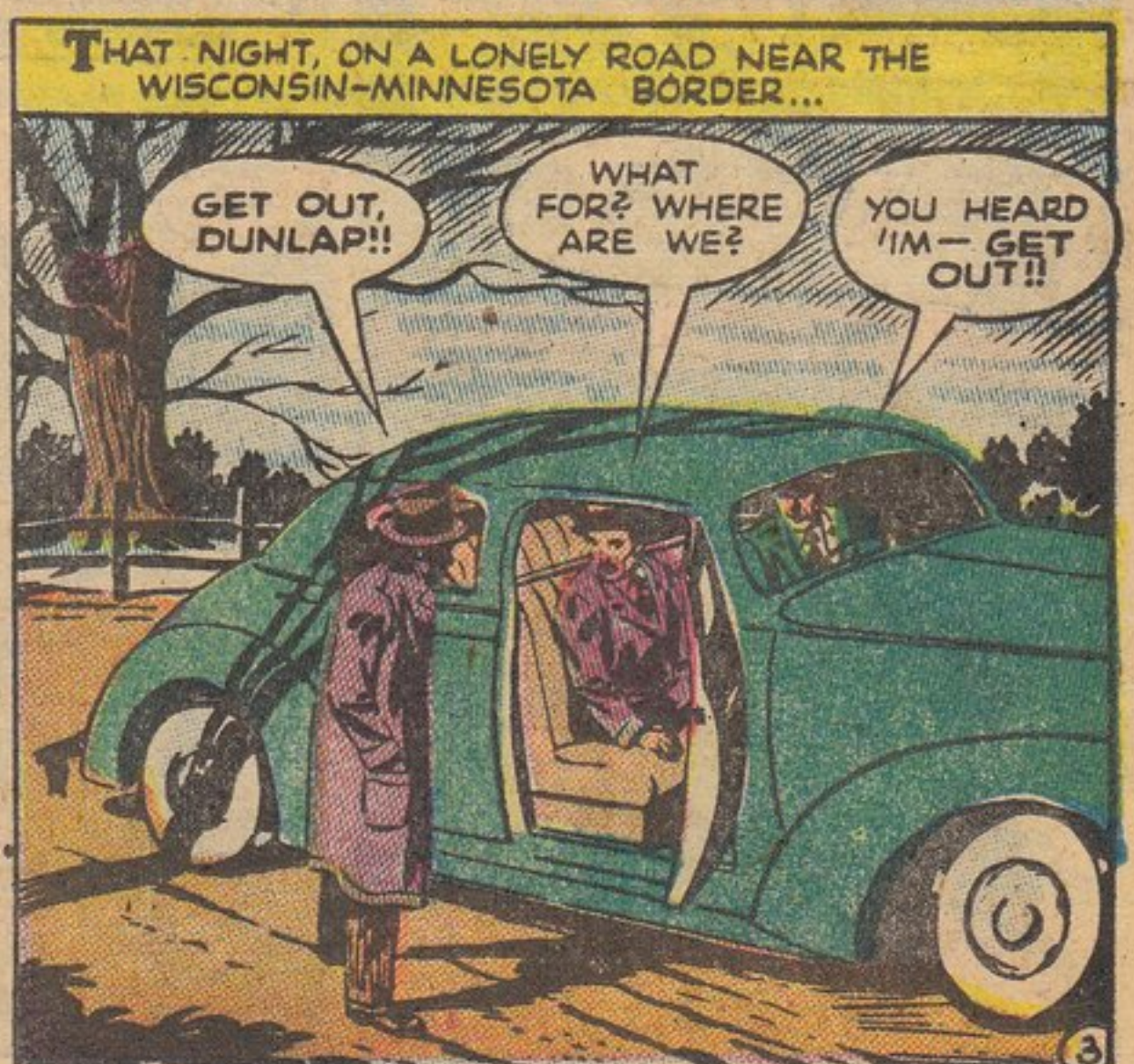
I THINK MA'S NEW HUBBY IS THE SQUEAK, AND I'M GONNA DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT, DARN SOON!

YA MEAN, DUNLAP! YEAH, I THINK YOU'RE RIGHT, DARPIS! HE'S A MEALY-MOUTHED SQUARE! I DON'T LIKE HIM NO HOW!



WHEN WE LEAVE HERE, JUST ME, YOU AND DUNLAP ARE GOIN' IN MY CAR! WE'RE GONNA TAKE A LITTLE DETOUR, BEFORE WE MEET UP WITH THE REST OF THE BOYS!

I GET YA, AL!



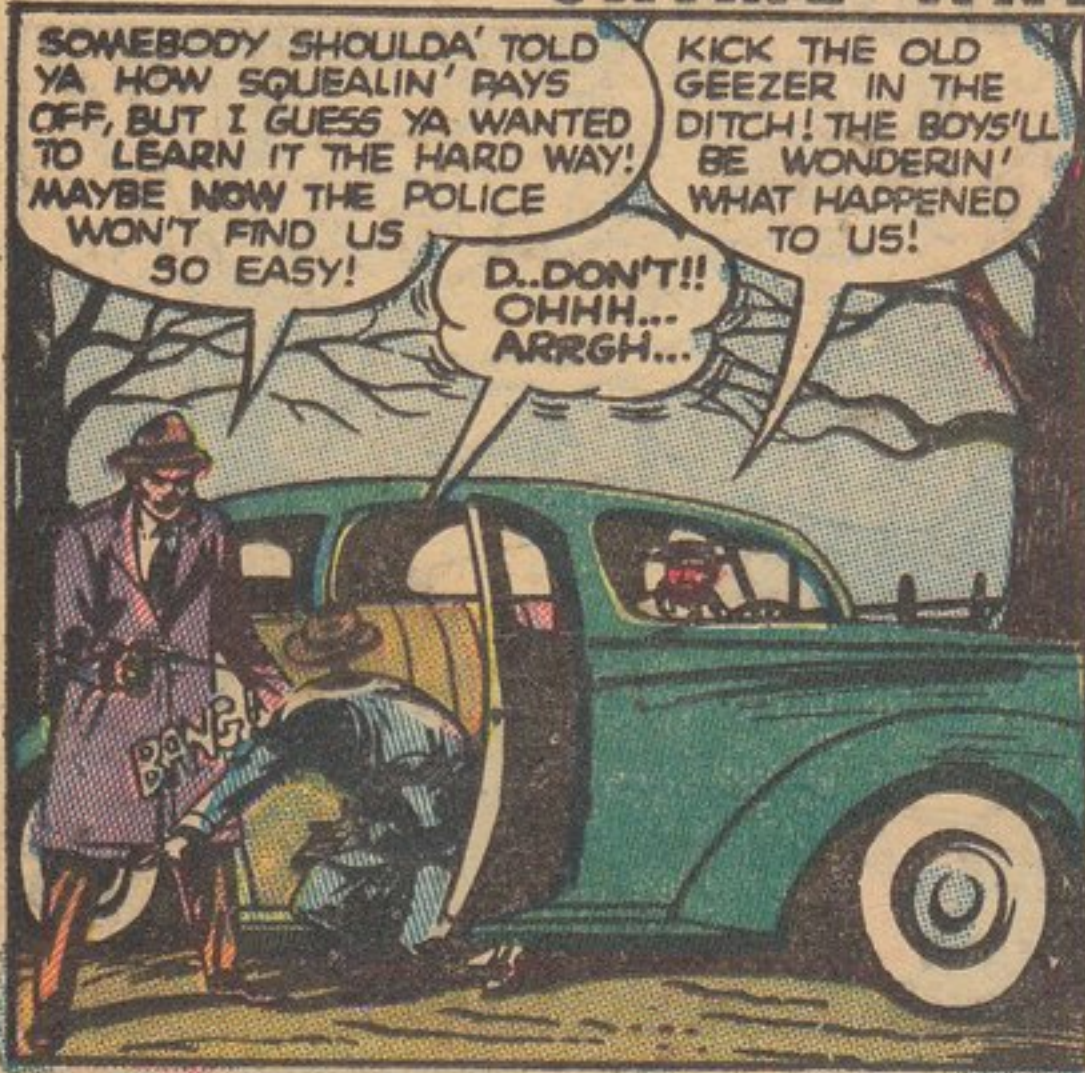
THAT NIGHT, ON A LONELY ROAD NEAR THE WISCONSIN-MINNESOTA BORDER...

GET OUT, DUNLAP!!

WHAT FOR? WHERE ARE WE?

YOU HEARD I'M—GET OUT!!

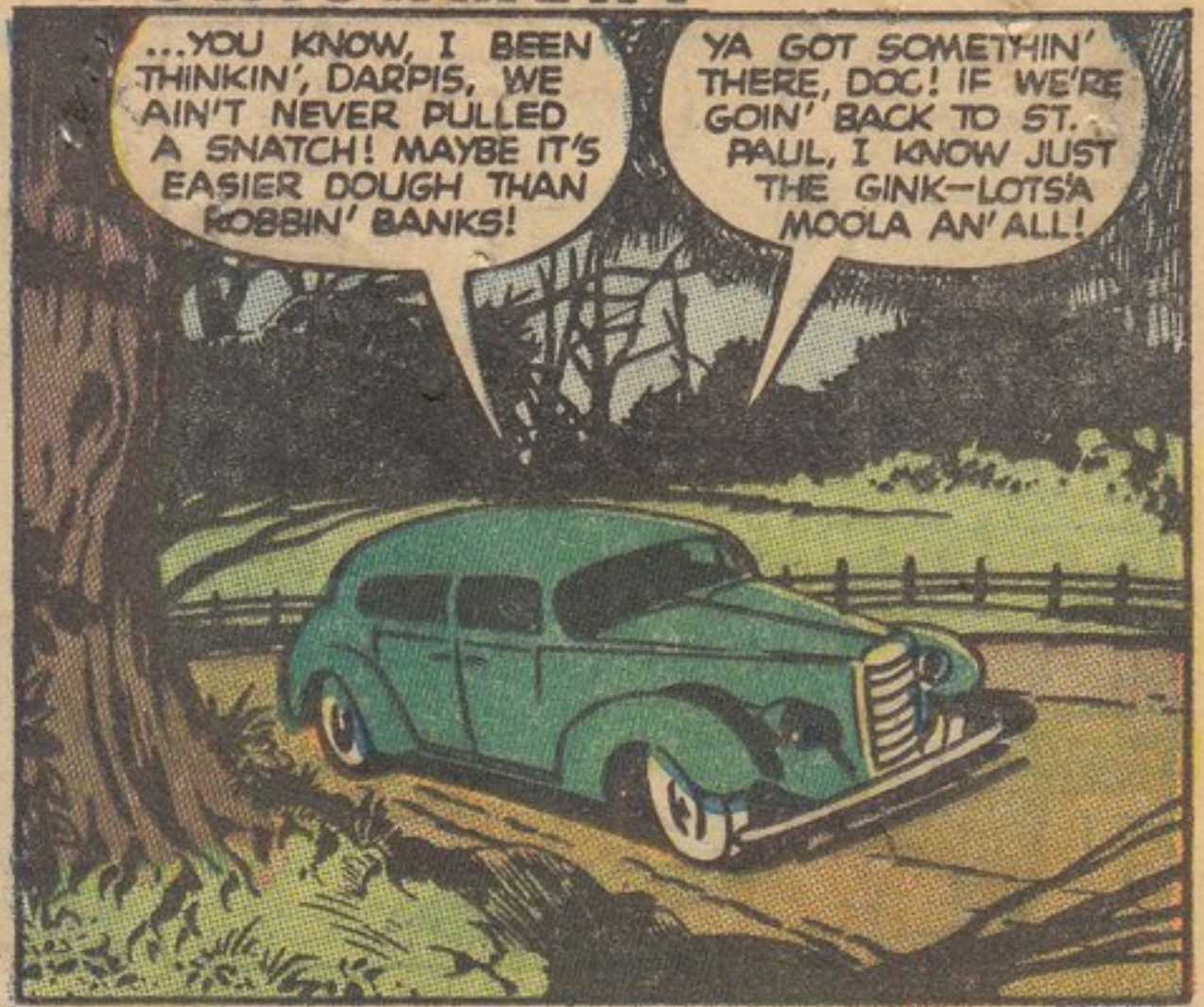
CRIME AND PUNISHMENT



SOMEBODY SHOULDA' TOLD YA HOW SQUEALIN' PAYS OFF, BUT I GUESS YA WANTED TO LEARN IT THE HARD WAY! MAYBE NOW THE POLICE WON'T FIND US SO EASY!

D..DON'T!!
OHHH...
ARRGH...

KICK THE OLD GEEZER IN THE DITCH! THE BOYS'LL BE WONDERIN' WHAT HAPPENED TO US!



...YOU KNOW, I BEEN THINKIN', DARPIS, WE AIN'T NEVER PULLED A SNATCH! MAYBE IT'S EASIER DOUGH THAN ROBBIN' BANKS!

YA GOT SOMETHIN' THERE, DOC! IF WE'RE GOIN' BACK TO ST. PAUL, I KNOW JUST THE GINK—LOTS'A MOOLA AN' ALL!



THE GANG KIDNAPPED WILLIAM HAMM, FOR WHICH THEY COLLECTED A \$100,000 RANSOM, AND THEN, ON JANUARY 17TH, 1934, IN ST. PAUL...

I'LL PICK YOU UP AT NOON, DARLING!

ALL RIGHT, DADDY! GOOD-BYE!



ARE YOU EDWARD G. BREMER?

YES, Y..YES! WH..WHAT DO YOU WANT?

MOVE OVER, SUCKER, AN' YOU'LL FIND OUT!



OHHH!!

YOU'D BETTER BE WORTH \$200,000, OR YER GOIN' HOME IN A BOX!



THAT NIGHT, AFTER CALLING BREMER'S FAMILY...

DARPIS, FLASH YOUR LIGHT! HERE COMES THE PAY-OFF CAR!

MAYBE AN' MAYBE NOT! GET THE TOMMY-GUN—JUST IN CASE!



THAT'S IT!! THERE'S THE RANSOM—\$200,000! BOY, JUST LET ME GET MY HANDS ON THAT DOUGH!

SHUT UP, YOU CHUMP—IT MAY BE A PHONY!

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

SOON AFTER, AN IMPORTANT EVENT TOOK PLACE AT THE BARKER'S NEW HIDEOUT...



YEP, IT'S ALL HERE—\$200,000—WOW!! I JUST WANTED TO BE SURE!

GET YOUR MIND OFF THAT DOUGH! IT'LL KEEP! LET'S GET BACK AND TURN BREMER LOOSE!



HEY, DARPIS, LOOK—YOU'RE PUBLIC ENEMY NUMBER ONE! IT'S ALL OVER THE FRONT PAGE!

BOY! THAT MAKES YOU TOO HOT FOR MY BLOOD! SO LONG BOYS, NICE KNOWIN' YA!



THIS BEING NUMBER ONE BOY FOR THEM G-MEN TO GO AFTER AIN'T GOOD, HENRY! WE ALL BETTER TAKE A POWDER TO SOME PLACE!

AWW... THEY WON'T FIND ME, AN' IF THEY DO, SO WHAT? I'LL BLAST MY WAY OUT!



HOOVER GOT DILLINGER! HE GOT NELSON, AND HE'LL GET YOU!! I'M HEADIN' FOR FLORIDA, AN' YOU'LL DO US A FAVOR IF YOU DON'T COME ALONG—AN' THAT'S NO GENTLE HINT!

SHUT UP, DOC! HENRY IS COMING WITH US, BUT HE'S GONNA STAY UNDER COVER!



IN JANUARY, 1935, IN OKLAWAHA, FLORIDA...

MA! I THOUGHT MAYBE ME AN' HARRY CAMPBELL WOULD GO NORTH! I FIGURE THERE MIGHT BE SOME BUSINESS IN ATLANTIC CITY!

YOU'RE NUTS, HENRY! STAY HERE, AN' BE SAFE! YOU'RE ASKING FOR TROUBLE BY TRAVELING NOW!



WHAT SAY WE GET MOVIN' RIGHT AWAY! ANYTHING IS BETTER THAN ROTTING HERE! YOU SNATCH A CAR, WHILE I GET OUR STUFF TOGETHER! BOY, I WONDER HOW DOLORES IS?

YEAH, DOLORES AN' SALLY, TOO! LET'S GO, DARPIS! I'LL BE GLAD TO GET MOVIN'! I'M GETTIN' FED UP WITH THIS HEAT, NOT TO MENTION MISSING THE DAMES UP THERE!

REMEMBER, I TOLD YOU SO!



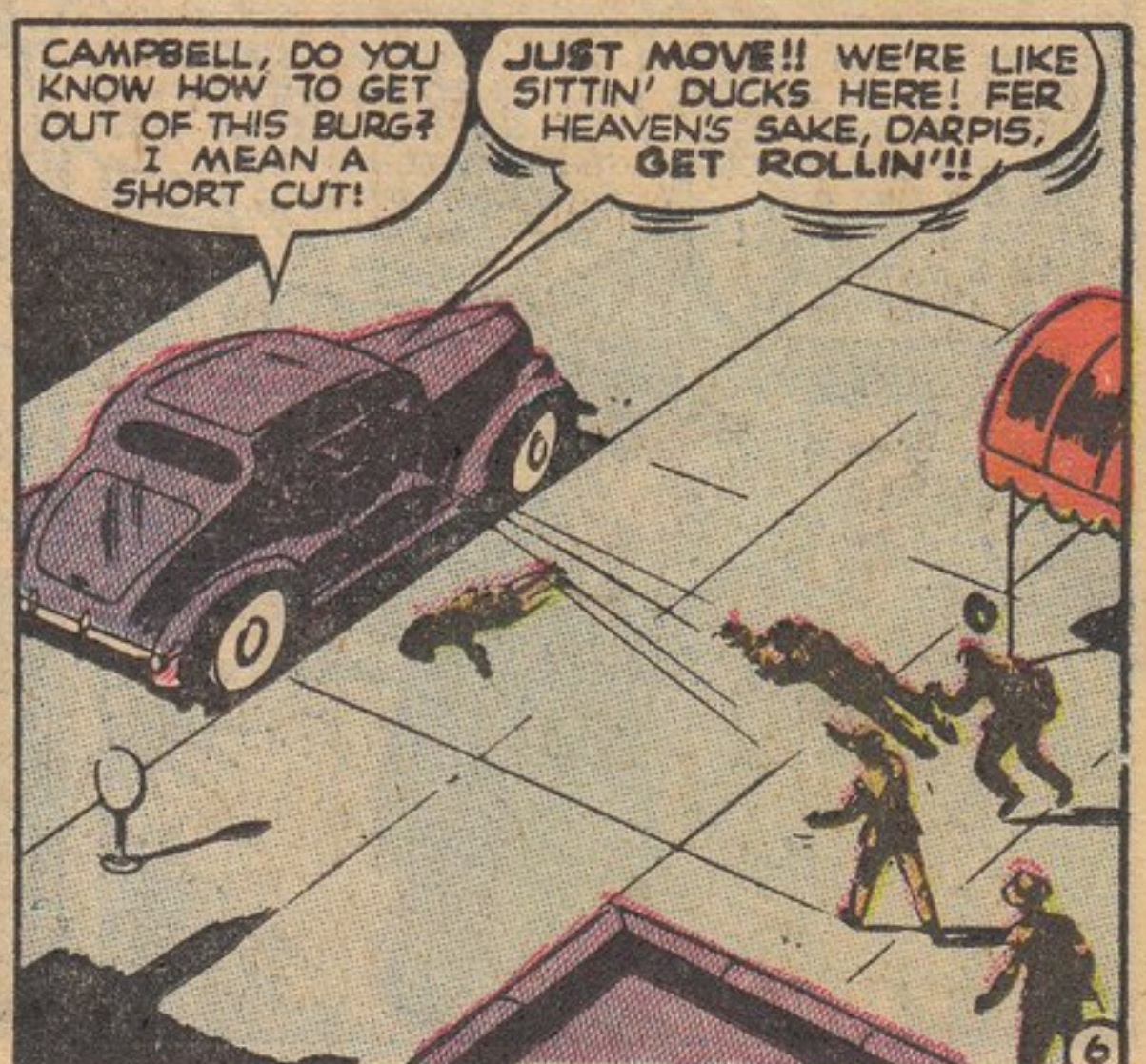
ON JANUARY 20TH, 1935, IN AN ATLANTIC CITY HOTEL...

WHAT'S THE MATTER, DOLORES? YOU LOOK DOWN IN THE MOUTH!

I KEEP THINKING OF HOW THE FBI WIPED OUT MA AND DOC BARKER DOWN IN FLORIDA! GOSH, HENRY, YOU TWO LEFT JUST IN TIME!

YEAH, WE BEAT THE FIREWORKS BY THREE DAYS! I'M SMART, BABY! THEY AREN'T CATCHIN' LITTLE HENRY! I'M GONNA TRIP OVER MY LONG BEARD!

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT



CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

IN GARRETTSVILLE, OHIO, A FEW DAYS LATER...

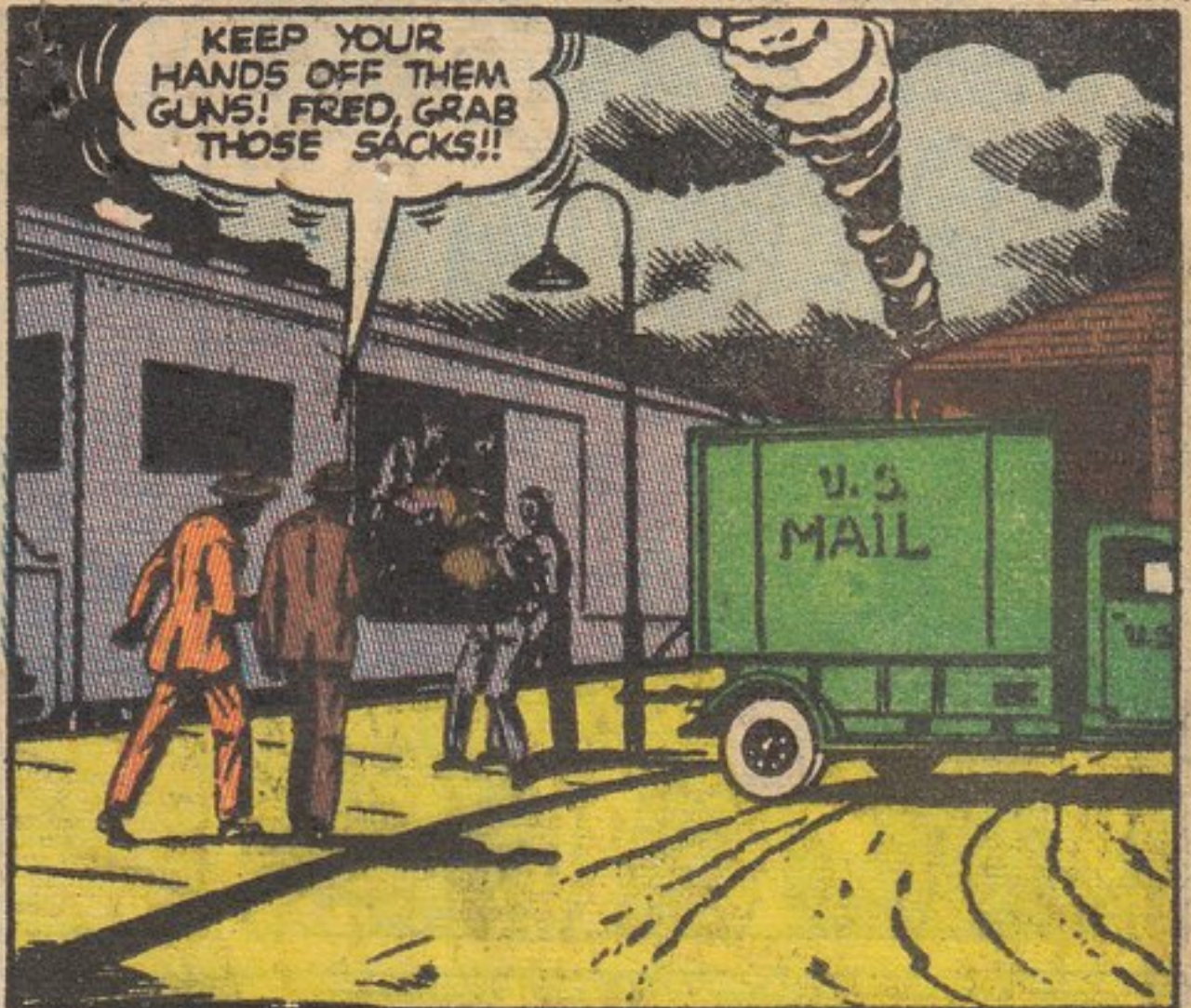
DARRIS SPLIT UP WITH CAMPBELL. THEN HE HID OUT UNTIL NOVEMBER, 1935 WITH FRED HUNTER, ANOTHER BAD CHARACTER!

YA KNOW, HUNTER, I'VE GOT TO PULL A JOB PRETTY SOON! I'M RUNNIN' SHORT OF CASH!

YEAH, IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE WE WORKED! HOW ABOUT THAT GARRETTSVILLE MAIL JOB YOU WAS TALKIN' ABOUT?



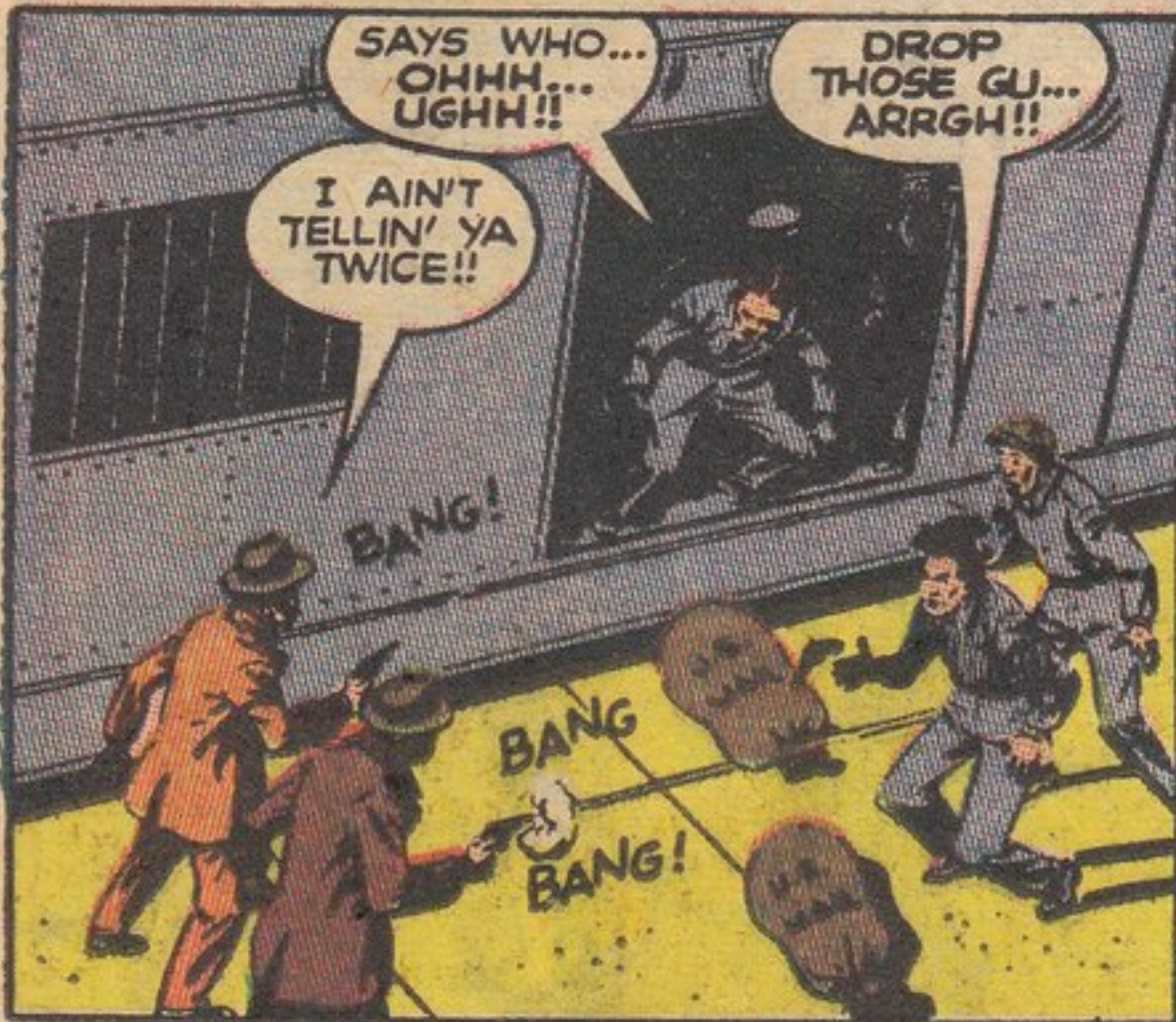
KEEP YOUR HANDS OFF THEM GUNS! FRED, GRAB THOSE SACKS!!



SAYS WHO... OHHH... UGH!!

DROP THOSE GU... ARRGH!!

I AIN'T TELLIN' YA TWICE!!



TAKE ONE OF THESE SACKS, DARRIS! THEY'RE TOO HEAVY!

OKAY, HUNTER!



WHY DIDN'T YA KNOCK THAT LAST GUY OFF? WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YA?

AW, HE COULDN'T HIT THE PAVEMENT! FORGET HIM!



THERE MUST BE \$50,000 IN THIS JOB! LET'S TAKE IT EASY DOWN AROUND NEW ORLEANS FOR A WHILE! I FEEL LIKE FISHIN' AN' A FEW OTHER THINGS!

GOOD IDEA! WE'LL GET THE GALS AN' START TOMORROW!



ON MAY 1ST, 1936, IN NEW ORLEANS...

THIS IS THE LIFE— NO COPS, NO G-MEN, NO WORRIES! TOO BAD IT TAKES MONEY!

YEAH, TOO BAD! WE BETTER FINISH CASING THAT POST OFFICE HERE! I'M DOWN TO MY LAST GRAND!



CRIME AND PUNISHMENT



HENRY DARPIS, EX-PUBLIC ENEMY NUMBER ONE, WAS SPEEDILY CONVICTED AND SENTENCED TO ALCATRAZ PENITENTIARY FOR LIFE, WHICH, IN MANY OPINIONS, IS WORSE THAN DEATH!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY!

Most Amazingly Convenient POCKET LIGHTER FOR MEN FOR WOMEN

**CIGARETTE
LIGHTER
KEY CHAIN
FLASHLIGHT**

**ALL IN
1**

**PUSH
BUTTON
FLASHLIGHT**

*Beautiful Plastic Case in
Simulated Marble Design*



Here's the snappiest, most complete lighter combination you've ever seen! Imagine—lighter, flashlight and keychain ALL IN ONE UNIT. Handy, convenient, easy to carry. No more fumbling for matches, keys, etc. Easy to find keyholes in the dark. Beautiful, streamlined case of mottled plastic. Your own initial in gold imprinted on case. Makes ideal gift. A truly sensational bargain value with your initial in gold only \$1.98.

**A TRULY SENSATIONAL
BARGAIN VALUE
WITH YOUR
INITIAL IN
GOLD...**

Only **\$1.98**

INITIAL
IN GOLD
AT NO
EXTRA
COST**

3 in 1 lighter combination easily fits in palm of hand. Lighter set snugly in base of case. Flashlight complete with battery. Beaded keychain fastens securely to top of unit. Unbelievably light in weight. IMAGINE, all these features offered at amazingly low price of only \$1.98. Order TODAY.

SEND NO MONEY—7 Day Trial

Just fill in coupon below. On arrival deposit only \$1.98 plus C.O.D. postage with postman. Use 7 days. If not delighted return for refund of purchase price. (Send cash. Henry Senne pays postage.)

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**Be sure to
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Milwaukee Ave.
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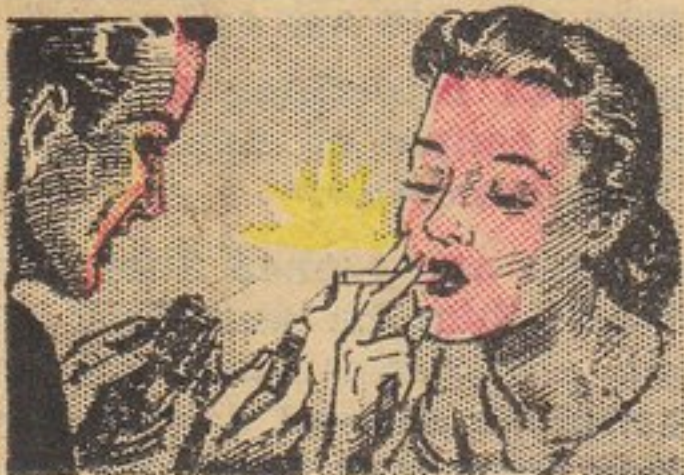
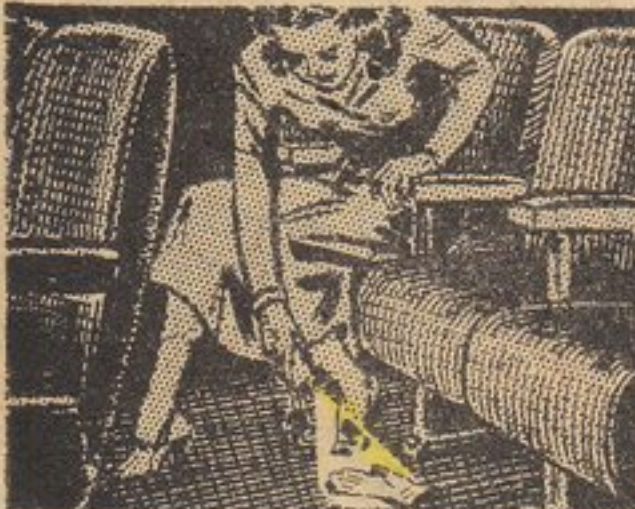
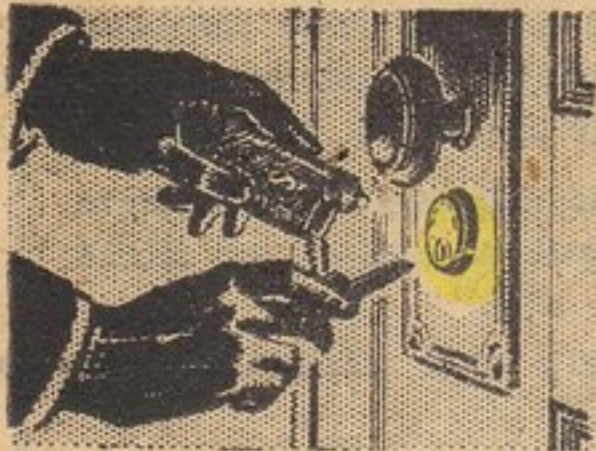
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Wrong Way Out



The prison was one of the largest in the country. Behind the high grey walls, were five large buildings which held about 2,000 convicts — men convicted of all sorts of crimes — embezzlement, larceny, murder. But a term in this prison was not a time of idleness. Each man had a job to do and he was expected to work hard at it.

One of the busiest spots in the prison was the warehouse. Fifty men worked on the supplies. The shelves were lined with big bags of flour, sugar, potatoes, and fresh vegetables, which would later be sent to the huge kitchen. A group of men were loading the bottom shelf with heavy potato sacks.

"Listen, Jack," one prisoner, Tom Brady, said to another. "I've got to get outa here. I'm gonna plan a break. Are you with me or not? Cause I'll do it alone if you're chicken."

"It's not that," Jack replied slowly, "but I don't know how we're gonna pull it."

A guard appeared from nowhere and shouted suddenly, "Okay, you guys, get back to work and stop talking so much."

Tom managed to whisper to Jack, "I'll talk to you tonight, back in our cell."

That evening the usual procedure took place. The keeper in the tower threw some levers and all the cell doors were locked. Then keepers made the rounds and locked a second lock on each door. After that, a count was taken of all the men in their cells.

Satisfied that they wouldn't be bothered again that night, Tom and Jack continued their talk of that afternoon.

"I can't stand it any more, Jack," Tom confided. "I couldn't take twenty years in this joint. How about you?"

"My term is as long as yours," Jack an-

swered, "but I'd rather stay here than get shot down trying to escape."

"Listen, we're not gonna get shot down," Tom admonished. "We're gonna plan it all out, careful-like, and not make a move before we've got all the angles figured."

"What about Slim? How about including him?" Jack asked.

"Yeah, yeah," Tom agreed. "He's a good guy and he can keep his mouth shut. But first we hafta figure out an escape."

While Tom thought of a plan, Jack listened to the radio with headphones. Tom was restless and paced the small cell back and forth.

"Will you take that headphone off?" Tom muttered suddenly. "I got a couple of ideas and I want to talk them out."

When Tom had Jack's full attention, he started thinking out loud.

"The best way would be to get a knife or some sharp object and try to force a guard to help us escape. But, nah, that wouldn't be good. The warden's no dope. He has one of them new portable detecting machines that can spot metal hidden in a mattress. We wouldn't even be able to hide the knife in our cell."

"Yeah, that's right," Jack agreed. "Just last week he used that machine in the cells at the other end. He may come in our cell soon."

"Well, I'll think of something else," Tom replied. "Gimme a couple of days. Anyway, we'll speak to Slim tomorrow."

The next day Tom approached Slim in the warehouse and told him he and Jack were gonna break out. Slim's eyes narrowed when he heard that, and he showed a glimmer of surprise, but aside from that he didn't betray any emotion or say anything.

"Well?" Tom asked impatiently. "Do you want to be in on it?"

"Thanks, no," Slim said quietly. "My term is only ten years. I guess I'll stick it out rather than chance having a bullet in my back."

For the next couple of days Tom looked preoccupied and worried. He was thinking of possible means of escape, but there was a hitch in everything he thought of. He thought a buddy of his on the outside could bring him something he could use in planning an escape, but then he remembered how they worked the visiting room. You had to report to the guard there and open your mouth and show your hands so he'd see if you got anything from a visitor. And then on your way back to your cell another guard would shake you down to see if you had any concealed weapon on you. So that was out.

Then Tom thought of the perfect solution. It all hinged on the deliveries made to the warehouse where he worked. All the vegetables used at the prison were grown on the prison farm. And the fellows who worked on the farm had more freedom than anyone else at prison. Tom thought if Jack could get on the farm they could work something out together.

For the next couple of months Jack was always on his best behavior. He was cooperative in every way, and he finally got the reward he and Tom were waiting for — he was made chauffeur of the truck that delivered the food-stuffs from the farm to the prison warehouse.

With assurance Tom went ahead with his plans. He had the time set for five weeks from the time Jack started delivering food-stuffs to the warehouse. That would give him enough time to work out all the angles and get the timing down pat.

Five weeks later Tom was nervous and jittery. He kept asking Jack, every time he saw him, if he knew what he was supposed to do. And Jack, although nervous himself, tried to keep his buddy calm so the guards wouldn't suspect that anything was brewing.

That afternoon in the warehouse, Tom sneaked behind a large crate when the guards were occupied watching the other men unload the truck, and wiggled himself into a huge empty potato sack. From inside the sack he heard Jack say to one of the guards, "I guess I'll take back this load of rotten potatoes and this crate of bad apples. We can make some use of them on the farm."

The guards didn't think anything wrong in that because food spoilage had happened before. They merely glanced casually at Jack as he loaded the delivery truck with several bags of rotten food.

When the truck was all set, Jack jumped into the driver's seat and started driving back to the farm, with Tom inside. They got past the outside prison gate and were on the farm grounds when they heard the wail of sirens from inside the prison walls.

"How did they find out so fast?" Jack asked Tom, who had gotten out of the bag and was now crouched in the back of the truck.

"They took a count of the prisoners again, like they always do," Tom answered quickly. "I knew they would, but I didn't expect them to do it so soon. Now we've got to work fast."

Tom started shouting directions at Jack, and the pair worked quickly for the next ten minutes. Jack drove the car straight ahead, headed for farm limits rather than back to the farm house. They got out of the truck and started running through the tall grass that partly hid them.

In the meantime two prison cars had reached the outside gates and saw the delivery truck in the distance. The guards drove up to the truck and abandoned their cars, hoping to track down the two convicts by their superior number.

Tom was whispering frantically to Jack, "Like I told you, there's a swamp about a quarter of a mile in this direction. If we get there we're safe cause there're a million spots we can hide out until dark, and then we can start running toward the highway and try to hitch it out of this place."

The two desperate men started running in the direction of the swamp. They had to stop every couple of minutes to get their breath and once when they stopped for air, Jack looked around him nervously.

"What was that noise, Tom?" he said panic-stricken.

"What noise?" Tom answered. "I didn't hear anything. Now don't start imagining things. We'll be out of this mess soon, so keep going."

Jack wasn't convinced but they ran on and on not stopping to talk again. Suddenly they both heard a noise and turned around.

Behind them they saw five guards, each pointing an impressive tommy gun at them.

"They followed us, they followed us," Jack screamed hysterically.

"Run to the left," Tom shouted.

They started in that direction and saw five more guards staring them in the face, with machine guns in their hands.

In every direction the convicts turned, they found more guards waiting for them.

"They're not gonna take me," Tom shouted defiantly, and he ran straight ahead, into the gun fire of the guards facing him. He dropped on the ground, bleeding, and faintly heard Jack screaming, "Take me back, I don't wanna be shot, take me back."

Ten minutes later two convicts were returned to prison, one to go to solitary, the other, to the morgue.

"There's only one of two ways out of here," one guard commented to his fellow guard. "Either by the front entrance — after serving the full term, or by the rear entrance — on the way to the cemetery. Some of these guys will never learn that the law operates up here, too."

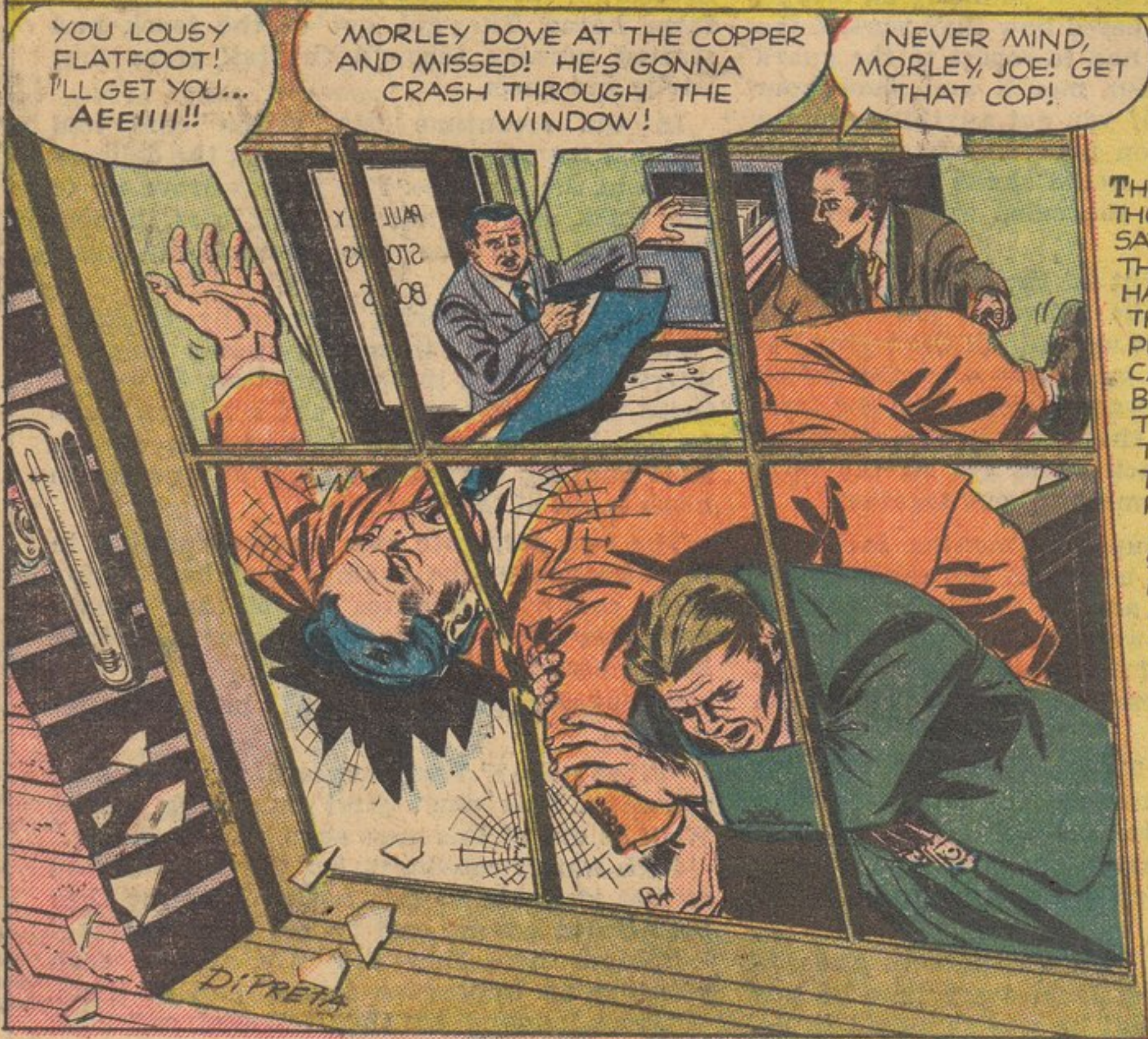
THE END

DEDICATED TO THE ERADICATION OF CRIME



JERRY NORTON DIDN'T MEAN ANY HARM—HE WAS JUST LOOKING FOR A JOB BUT SOON FOUND HIMSELF

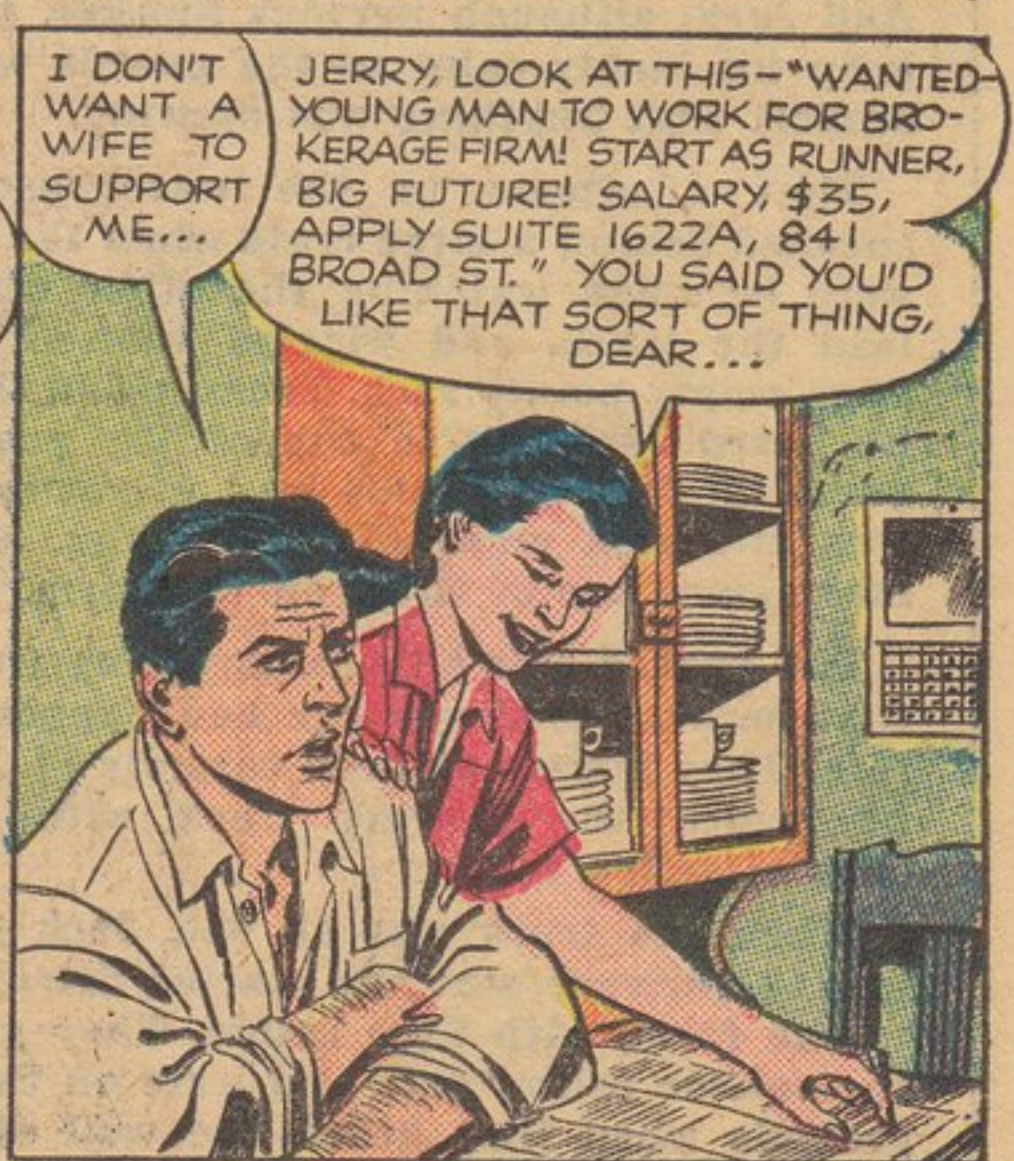
CAUGHT IN A WEB



THE POLICE ARE THOROUGH AND NEVER SATISFIED UNTIL THEY'RE SURE THEY HAVE THE RIGHT MAN! THEY HAD A SUSPECT IN A MURDER CASE WITH NO ALIBI BUT POLICE DETECTIVE TOM PRYOR THOUGHT EVERYTHING WAS TOO PAT, AND HE WASN'T GOING TO RISK SENDING AN INNOCENT MAN TO THE CHAIR, HE HAD TO BE SURE THERE WAS NO MISTAKE—AND THAT FACT SENT HIM INTO A DEATH STRUGGLE WITH A VICIOUS MOB OF KILLERS!



IT ALL STARTED IN SEPTEMBER, 1948! JERRY NORTON HAD A LOT OF JOBS SINCE HE MUSTERED OUT OF THE ARMY IN 1946, BUT NONE OF THEM HAD LASTED...



JERRY, LOOK AT THIS—*WANTED YOUNG MAN TO WORK FOR BROKERAGE FIRM! START AS RUNNER, BIG FUTURE! SALARY, \$35, APPLY SUITE 1622A, 841 BROAD ST." YOU SAID YOU'D LIKE THAT SORT OF THING, DEAR...

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

BUT A RUNNER, HONEY! I'M TOO OLD TO START AT THAT!

NONSENSE! YOU TOOK FOUR YEARS OUT OF YOUR LIFE TO HELP FIGHT A WAR! YOU'VE GOT TO START SOMEWHERE! OH, PLEASE, DARLING—YOU'RE SMART! YOU'LL GET AHEAD FAST!

THAT WAS ON A SUNDAY AFTERNOON! EARLY THE NEXT MORNING JERRY NORTON ARRIVED AT 841 BROAD STREET! HE WAS FIRST ON LINE FOR THE JOB...

WELL, GOOD MORNING! YOU MAY COME RIGHT IN! YOU MUST HAVE GOTTEN HERE AT DAWN!

I'VE BEEN HERE SINCE SIX O'CLOCK, SIR!

...AND THAT'S MY EXPERIENCE, MR. MORLEY! NOT MUCH IN THIS LINE, BUT I'M ANXIOUS TO LEARN!

NORTON, YOU HAVE TWO THINGS IN YOUR FAVOR—FIRST, THAT YOU'RE A VETERAN, AND SECOND, YOU WANTED THE JOB BADLY ENOUGH TO GET HERE EARLY! I'LL GIVE YOU A CHANCE!

HALF AN HOUR LATER...

...YOU'RE TO WAIT RIGHT THERE TILL THIS MR. BENTLY HANDS YOU A LEATHER POUCH! THEN GO RIGHT DOWN INTO THE SUBWAY AND BRING THE POUCH TO ME WITHOUT DELAY! YOU UNDERSTAND?

YES, MR. MORLEY, PERFECTLY!

IF THE ENVELOPE ISN'T DELIVERED BY ELEVEN, COME BACK! BUT STAY RIGHT ON THAT SPOT UNTIL THEN!

YES, SIR!

HELLO, RICKY! THIS IS PAUL MORLEY...YEAH, IT'S ALL SET! I GOT THE FIRST SUCKER ON LINE FOR THE JOB! HE'LL BE WEARING A BLUE UNIFORM! YOU'RE TO GIVE THE NAME 'BENTLY'!

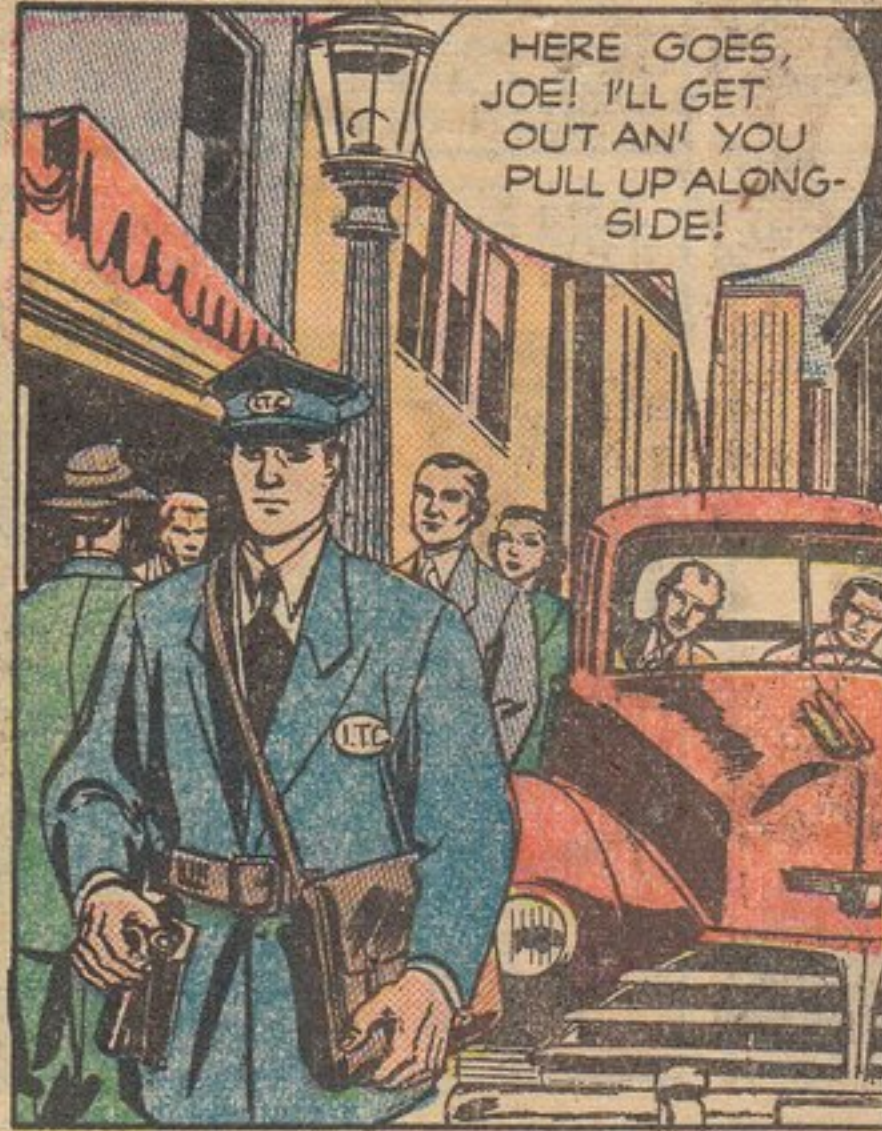
LET'S SEE IF I'VE GOT IT STRAIGHT, MORLEY! THE BANK MESSENGER LEAVES THE INDUSTRIAL TRUST ABOUT A QUARTER TO TEN! JOE DYKES AND ME FOLLOW THE GUY FOR A BLOCK, THEN GRAB THE POUCH HE'S CARRYING...

THAT'S RIGHT! NO SLIP-UPS, RICKEY! I'VE SPENT A LOT OF TIME CASING THIS JOB! IT'S WORTH A HUNDRED AND FIFTY G'S TO US...BUT YOU KNOW ALL THAT! REMEMBER, OUR BOY'S NAME IS JERRY NORTON...

DON'T WORRY ABOUT OUR END! JOE DYKES IS HERE AND READY TO GO! WE'VE RENTED A CAR! SEE YOU TONIGHT!

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

SO A DEADLY WEB WAS BEGINNING TO WEAVE ITSELF AROUND YOUNG JERRY NORTON, WHO WANTED NOTHING MORE THAN A CHANCE TO MAKE GOOD! GANGSTERS RICKY AND JOE DYKES WERE ON HAND AS BANK MESSENGER NED VORONI EMERGED FROM THE INDUSTRIAL TRUST, AND THEY FOLLOWED HIM ONE BLOCK...



HERE GOES, JOE! I'LL GET OUT AN' YOU PULL UP ALONG-SIDE!



I GOT A GUN IN YOUR RIBS, BUDDY, SO DON'T GIVE ME NO TROUBLE! HAND OVER THAT POUCH!

HUH?



OH, NO, YOU DON'T!

UGHHH!

LET HIM HAVE IT, RICK! QUICK!



HAVE THE CAR READY, JOE!

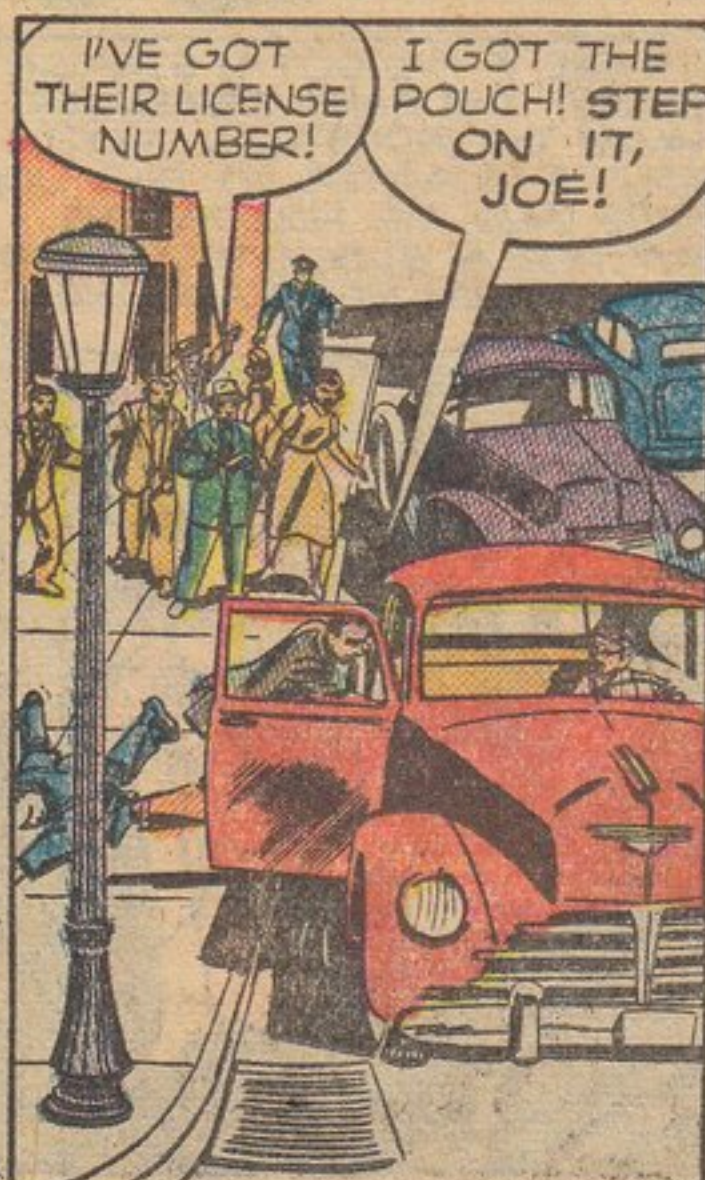
AGHRRR! Y.. YOU DIRTY...

LOOK AT HIM— HE SHOT THAT MAN IN COLD BLOOD!



POLICE! MURDER! POLICE!

SHUT UP, YOU GOON! ALL OF YOU, KEEP BACK!



I'VE GOT THEIR LICENSE NUMBER!

I GOT THE POUCH! STEP ON IT, JOE!



GET OVER TO BROADWAY, FAST—I'LL GIVE MORLEY'S RUNNER THE POUCH, THEN WE CAN DITCH THE CAR! IT'S PLENTY HOT BY NOW!

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

THERE'S THE RUNNER NOW! WE'LL HAVE TO HANG ON TO THE CAR, THE COPS ARE TURNING THE CORNER! HURRY!

OKAY, I'LL MAKE IT FAST!

ONE OF THEM IS HANDING SOMETHING TO A GUY IN A MONKEY SUIT UP THERE BY THE SUBWAY ENTRANCE, REINER! WE'RE STUCK IN THIS TRAFFIC! WE'LL HAVE TO LEAVE THE CAR HERE!

IS YOUR NAME NORTON?

YES, WHAT'S YOURS?

BENTLY—HERE TAKE THIS!

I'LL SEE IF I CAN NAB THE ONE THAT WENT DOWN HERE, MCCARTHY!

THE CAR GOT AWAY, REINER! I'VE GOT THE LICENSE NUMBER! I'LL PUT IN A REPORT TO HEAD-QUARTERS!

THERE HE IS! I'VE GOT TO MAKE THAT TRAIN!

EMERGENCY—LET ME THROUGH!

ALL THE WAY BACK, IN THE CAR!

I'VE LOST HIM! NUTS! I'LL NEVER MAKE MY WAY THROUGH THIS MOB!

AT THE NEXT STATION, BROAD STREET.

THERE HE GOES.

HE'S GOING INTO THAT BUILDING! IT'S SURE HARD TO KEEP UP WITH THAT GUY! WELL, AT LEAST I KNOW WHAT HE LOOKS LIKE! I'LL NAB HIM ON THE WAY OUT!

UPSTAIRS IN MORLEY'S OFFICE...

...SO WE DITCHED THE BUS, PAUL! BUT YOUR MESSENGER HAD A COP ON HIS TAIL... I SAW HIM FOLLOW THE KID INTO THE SUBWAY! MAKE SURE HE DOESN'T BRING THE LAW TO YOUR OFFICE WITH HIM!

UH...ER, EVERYTHING IS UNDER CONTROL, MR. CULLEN! I'LL HAVE TO HANG UP NOW... SOMEBODY JUST CAME IN WITH AN IMPORTANT PACKAGE!

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

HERE IT IS, MR. MORLEY!

THAT'S FINE, NORTON! SORRY TO RUSH YOU RIGHT OUT AGAIN, BUT I WANT THESE STATEMENTS DELIVERED TO BENNET & CO.—RIGHT AWAY! THEY'RE AT 4414 RENTON AVENUE!

A FEW MINUTES LATER...
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT, OFFICER! SURE, I TOOK SOMETHING FROM A MAN LIKE YOU SAID— A LEATHER POUCH! MY BOSS, MR. MORLEY ASKED ME TO DO IT! WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT?

PLENTY—YOU CAN TALK TO THE D.A. ALL ABOUT IT! ON SECOND THOUGHT MAYBE WE'D BETTER GO UP AND SEE THIS MORLEY! GET BACK IN THE ELEVATOR!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS FELLOW HAS DONE, OFFICER, OR WHAT POUCH HE'S TALKING ABOUT, BUT I ASSURE YOU, I'VE NEVER SEEN HIM BEFORE IN MY LIFE!

W..WHAT?! WHY, MR. MORLEY—WHAT'S THE IDEA? THIS IS YOUR UNIFORM! WAIT—I CAN PROVE I'M TELLING THE TRUTH, OFFICER—I HAVE SOMETHING HERE HE GAVE ME TO DELIVER TO MR. BENNET AT 4414 RENTON AVENUE!

NOW, SEE HERE—I'M A BUSY MAN! I DON'T SUPPLY MY HELP WITH UNIFORMS! I DON'T KNOW ANY BENNET ON RENTON AVENUE, IF THERE IS SUCH A PERSON!

AND THESE PAPERS ARE BLANK! ALL RIGHT, NORTON, YOU'D BETTER COME TO HEAD-QUARTERS WITH ME!

THIS JERRY NORTON HAD BECOME TRAPPED IN A WEB OF CIRCUMSTANCES—UNABLE TO PROVE HIS INNOCENCE! DETECTIVES TOM PRYOR AND RALPH WADLEY GRILLED HIM FOR FOUR HOURS WITHOUT LETUP...

A MAN'S BEEN MURDERED, NORTON! THIS IS REAL SERIOUS AND YOU'RE IN IT UP TO YOUR NECK!

...AND DON'T GIVE US THAT BUSINESS AGAIN ABOUT MORLEY! COME CLEAN, AND MAYBE WE CAN GET YOU A BREAK! WHO WERE YOUR ACCOMPLICES? WHO'S THE GUY THAT SLIPPED YOU THE POUCHFUL OF THOSE STOLEN BONDS?

I TELL YOU—MR. MORLEY IS LYING! I THOUGHT I WAS WORKING FOR AN HONEST MAN! I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT WAS IN THAT POUCH! YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE ME!

NORTON'S WIFE IS HERE, PRYOR!

SEND HER IN, CLANCY! WE'LL GIVE THEM SOME TIME ALONE! COME ON, WADLEY!

OH, DARLING, THEY TOLD ME WHAT HAPPENED BUT THEY'VE MADE A MISTAKE! YOU COULDN'T DO ANYTHING WRONG! IT'S MY FAULT FOR TELLING YOU TO ANSWER THAT AD...

NO, ELLEN, I HAD TO GET A JOB! IF I COULD ONLY MAKE THESE POLICE BELIEVE ME! BUT THEY WON'T—MR. MORLEY'S TOO CLEVER! WHAT'LL I DO? I'LL GO TO THE CHAIR FOR MURDER!

THEY COULDN'T, JERRY— YOU HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH IT! YOU WEREN'T EVEN NEAR THE BANK!

BUT THE LAW BELIEVES I'M PART OF THE GANG, AND I CAN'T PROVE I'M NOT!

SMART COOKIE, THAT NORTON! SMART ENOUGH TO FIGURE WE'D HAVE A MIKE PLANTED IN THAT DESK TO LISTEN IN ON HIM!

MAYBE, RALPH, BUT WHAT IF THE KID IS ON THE LEVEL? CALL IT A HUNCH— BUT I'D LIKE TO BE SURE BEFORE I START HIM ON THE WAY TO THE CHAIR! I'M GOING OVER TO HAVE A LOOK AROUND MORLEY'S OFFICE TOMORROW!

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

THE OFFICE WAS CLOSED WHEN DETECTIVE TOM PRYOR GOT THERE! THE BUILDING SUPERINTENDENT LET HIM IN WITH A PASS KEY! HE SEARCHED FOR ALMOST AN HOUR BEFORE FINDING THE MISSING POUCH TAPED TO THE BOTTOM OF A CHAIR... BUT THEN...

SAY—WHAT THE DEVIL ARE YOU DOING IN MY OFFICE?

LOOKING FOR A MURDER MOTIVE, MORLEY! I ASSUME THAT'S WHO YOU ARE! AND I FOUND IT! I'VE A SEARCH WARRANT IN CASE YOU THOUGHT OF ASKING...



IT BETTER BE BULLETPROOF, PAL, BECAUSE I'M GOING TO PUT A SLUG RIGHT THROUGH YOU! TOO BAD YOU COPS COULDN'T BE SATISFIED WITH THE PATSY WE GAVE YOU!

SO JERRY NORTON WAS JUST A FALL GUY! YOU MURDERED THAT BANK MESSENGER, YOU WERE WILLING TO LET NORTON DIE FOR THAT, AND NOW YOU WANT TO ADD ME TO YOUR LIST OF KILLINGS...



AIN'T WE IN DEEP ENOUGH TROUBLE NOW WITHOUT KILLING A COP, MORLEY? WHY THE HECK DID YOU LEAVE THE POUCH HERE, ANYWAY?

...AND GET CAUGHT CARRYIN' IT OUT OF THE BUILDING? DON'T BE STUP... UGHHH!



YOU LOUSY FLAT-FOOT! I'LL SHOW YOU... EYAGHH...

NEVER MIND MORLEY, JOE! GET THAT COPPER!



CROAK, YOU— OHHH!

NOT TONIGHT, BUSTER!



STOP RIGHT THERE!

GET BACK, COPPER— KEEP AWAY FROM ME! DON'T MAKE ME KILL YOU!



DROP IT, MISTER... FAST!

DON'T SHOOT— YOU GOT ME!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT BROUGHT YOU HERE, BUT YOU'RE SURE WELCOME, BOYS!



WHEN A BODY COMES FLYING OUT A WINDOW, IT'S A GOOD IDEA TO FIND OUT WHY!

HUH, ASK A SILLY QUESTION— WELL, YOU'LL FIND ANOTHER MUG IN SUITE 1622 A — UNCONSCIOUS! TAKE THEM BOTH TO HEADQUARTERS, MORAN—I'LL MEET YOU THERE!



LATER, AFTER CULLEN AND DYKES WERE BOOKED ON A MURDER CHARGE...

IT WAS A NATURAL MISTAKE ON OUR PART, NORTON— BUT MAYBE I CAN MAKE AMENDS! I'VE GOT A FRIEND ON WALL STREET IF YOU STILL WANT A JOB WITH A BROKER!

I SURE DO! SAY— YOU COPS... UH, POLICEMEN ARE GREAT GUYS!

OH, THEY'RE WONDERFUL, JERRY!



DEDICATED TO THE ERADICATION OF CRIME



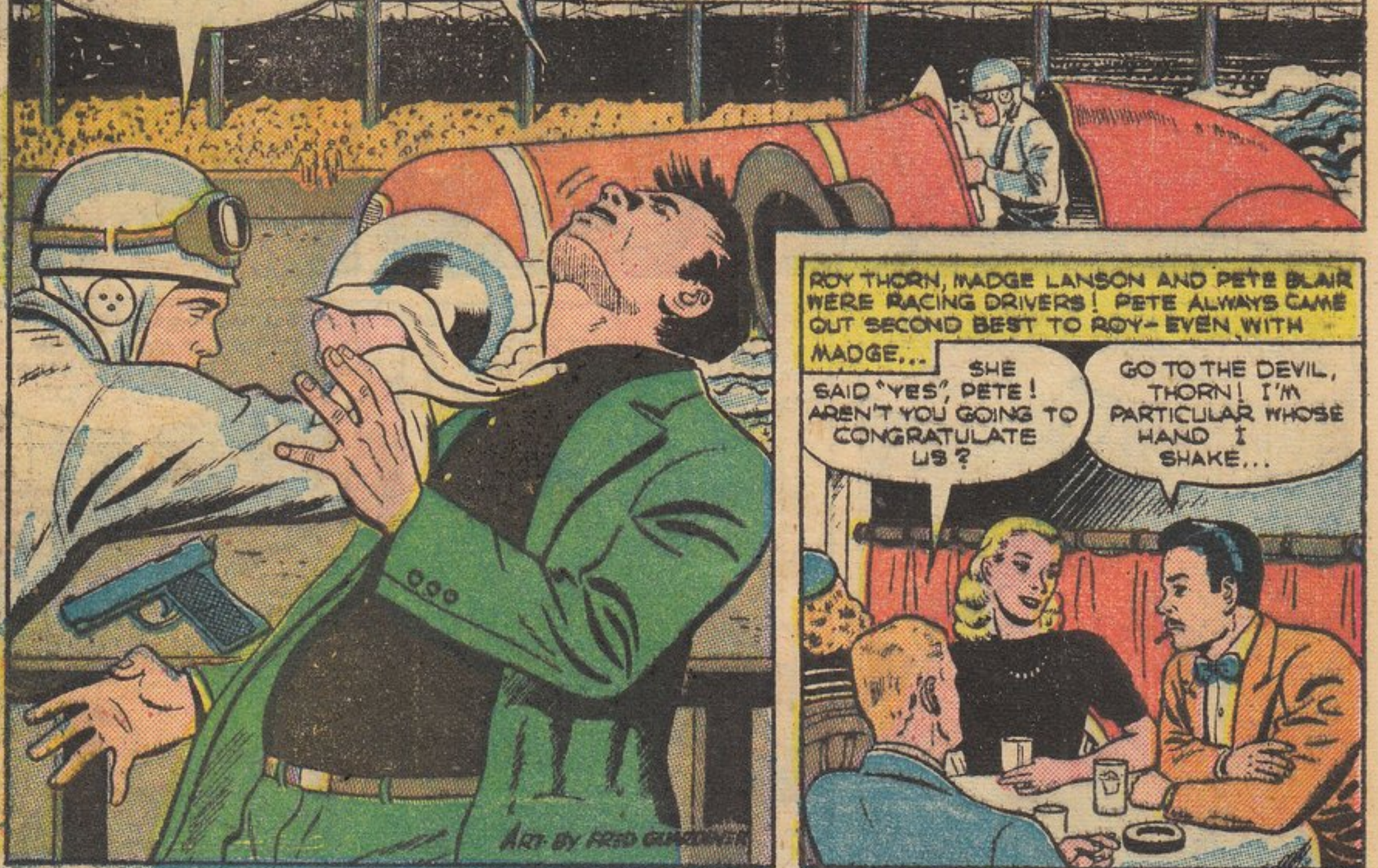
WHEN PETE BLAIR'S FRAME-UP TO FIX A RACE
BACKFIRED, IT BROUGHT

DEATH ON WHEELS

WE TRY TO KEEP RACING CLEAN, BUT MUGS LIKE YOU COME CRAWLING OUT FROM UNDER ROCKS AS SOON AS THEY GET A SWELL OF DIRTY MONEY!

AGHH!

A CRACKUP IN 1933 WAS NOTHING NEW TO REGULAR PATRONS OF THE GRANDCHESTER SPEEDWAY! AUTO RACING IS A DANGEROUS GAME, AND THEY'D HEARD THE SCREECH OF TIRES, THE HORRIBLE GRIND AND CRASH OF METAL BEFORE! BUT THERE WERE DRAMATIC EVENTS LEADING UP TO THAT "ACCIDENT" IN WHICH GREED, JEALOUSY AND MURDER PLAYED A PART!



ROY THORN, MADGE LANSON AND PETE BLAIR WERE RACING DRIVERS! PETE ALWAYS CAME OUT SECOND BEST TO ROY—EVEN WITH MADGE...

SHE SAID "YES", PETE! AREN'T YOU GOING TO CONGRATULATE US?

GO TO THE DEVIL, THORN! I'M PARTICULAR WHOSE HAND I SHAKE...



IT'S TOO BAD MADGE HAD TO PICK A SWELL-HEADED STUFFED SMIRT!

WHY, YOU...

NO, ROY, DON'T!

NO CREDIT TO PEOPLE



PETE ASKED ME TO MARRY HIM LAST WEEK! I TURNED HIM DOWN! YOU'VE WON EVERY RACE FROM HIM, INCLUDING THIS ONE! BE A GOOD WINNER, DEAR!

SURE, HONEY! I GUESS I'D BE SORE, TOO, IF I WERE IN HIS PLACE!



PETE BLAIR WAS BITTER, BUT HE FELT ONLY A FUTILE HATRED FOR HIS RIVAL! HE RETURNED TO HIS HOTEL, WHERE THREE NOTORIOUS HOODS WERE WAITING FOR HIM...

EXCUSE ME, MR. BLAIR! MY NAME IS NICK DOUGLAS! MY FRIENDS ARE PHIL VYKOSKI AND LEW RAYKO! WE WANT TO HAVE A LITTLE TALK WITH YOU!

I KNOW WHAT IT'S ABOUT AND I'M NOT INTERESTED! S'LONG, DOUGLAS!

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

TWENTY MINUTES LATER...

HOLD ON, BLAIR- WOULDN'T YOU BE INTERESTED IN TWENTY THOUSAND BUCKS- QUICK AND EASY?

FOR THAT KIND OF DOUGH IT WON'T HURT ME TO LISTEN! COME ON UP TO MY ROOM!

...THAT'S MORE DOUGH THAN I'D GET IF I WON THE RACE, DOUGLAS- AND I HATE THORN'S GUTS, BUT...

BUT YOU WON'T WIN, BLAIR, NOT UNLESS HE'S OUT OF IT! ME AND THE BOYS HAVE TWENTY-FIVE GRAND ON YOU TO WIN! THE ODDS ARE 4 TO 1 AGAINST YOU! WE'D COLLECT PLENTY!

WHAT YOU'RE ASKING ME TO DO IS RISKY, DOUGLAS- BUT I'VE GOT MORE REASONS THAN JUST MONEY FOR TAKING YOU UP ON IT!

OKAY, BLAIR- THAT'S YOUR BUSINESS! LET'S GO!

SO PETE BLAIR, SMOLDERING WITH JEALOUSY AND HATE FOR ROY THORN, ACCOMPANIED THE GAMBLERS TO WATLEIGH'S GARAGE, WHERE ROY'S RACER AWAITED A LAST-MINUTE CHECK UP FOR THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON'S BIG RACE...

LET'S HAVE THE SAW, VYKOSKI!

BUT HOW'RE YOU GOING TO DO IT, BLAIR? WON'T IT SHOW IF YOU SAW?

I'LL CUT THROUGH ENOUGH TO MAKE IT GIVE AT A SHARP TURN AT HIGH SPEED! GREASE WILL COVER IT- YOU LET ME WORRY ABOUT THAT, DOUGLAS!

HEY, PIPE DOWN AND DOUSE THE LIGHTS! I HEAR SOMEBODY COMING!

THAT'S FUNNY! I SWEAR I SAW A LIGHT IN HERE! WELL, I'LL TAKE A LOOK AROUND.

WE GOT A VISITOR!

HEY WHAT IS THIS! BLAIR- WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE- WITH THAT SAW? OH, I GET IT!

WHO IS THIS GUY, BLAIR?

HE'S FREDDIE HENDERS, THORN'S MECHANIC, DOUGLAS!

YEAH? THAT'S TOO BAD... FOR HIM!

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT



YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH ROUGH STUFF! SOMEBODY WILL HEAR! BLAIR, YOU'RE HEADIN' FOR A PACK OF TROUBLE!

GO ON, PHIL! NOBODY'S WITHIN A QUARTER OF A MILE OF THE PLACE!

WAIT, DOUGLAS! MAKE HENDERS AN OFFER! TAKE IT OUT OF MY CUT!



I'M NOT SELLING ROY THORN OUT, YOU RATTY... **AGHRRR!**

SEE, BLAIR, WE GOT NO OTHER WAY! GO AHEAD PHIL, **SHOOT!**

CRACK!!



LOOK, DOUGLAS, I DIDN'T ASK TO GET MIXED UP IN A MURDER! COUNT ME OUT!

DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH, BLAIR! YOU'RE ALREADY IN UP TO YOUR NECK! AIN'T IT MURDER WHEN YOU FIX A GUY'S CAR SO HELL CRACK UP? PAL, YOU FINISH THAT JOB, OR MAYBE IT'LL BE **TWO MURDERS!**

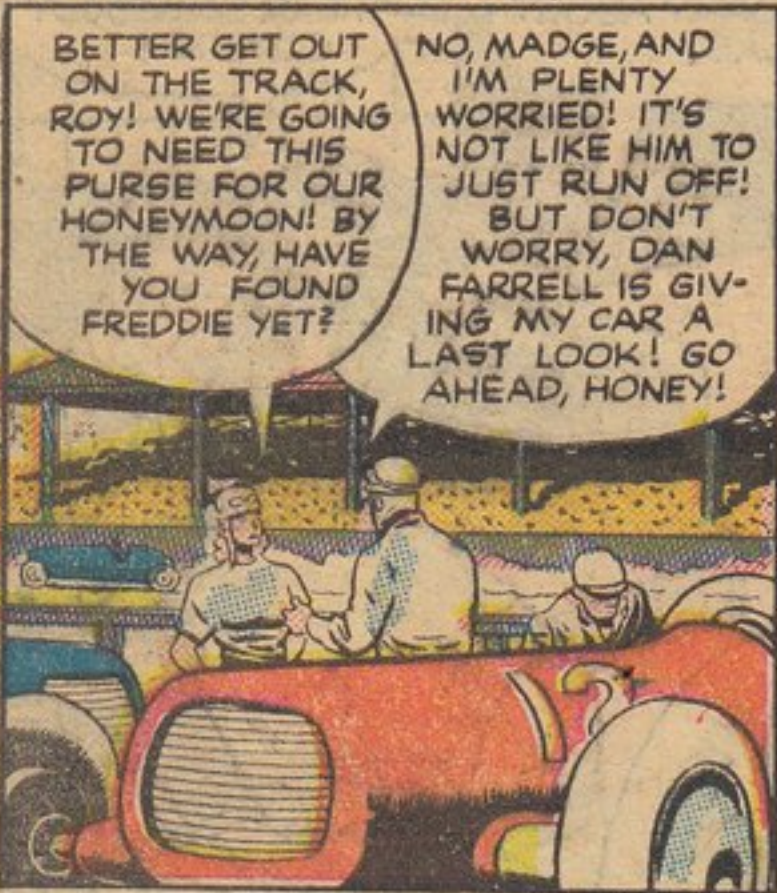
PETE BLAIR DID AS HE WAS TOLD, AND HIS ACCOMPLICES DID A THOROUGH JOB OF DISPOSING OF FREDDIE HENDERS' BODY! NEXT AFTERNOON, AS THE RACERS WERE STARTING TO WARM UP FOR THE BIG EVENT...



A COUPLE OF PLUGS ARE OFF TIMING, THORN! IT'LL TAKE ME A FEW MINUTES TO ADJUST THEM!

OKAY, DAN... GO TO IT!

MADGE LANSON HAD COMPLETED ONE WARM UP TURN OF THE COURSE IN HER RACER WHEN A TIRE BLEW...

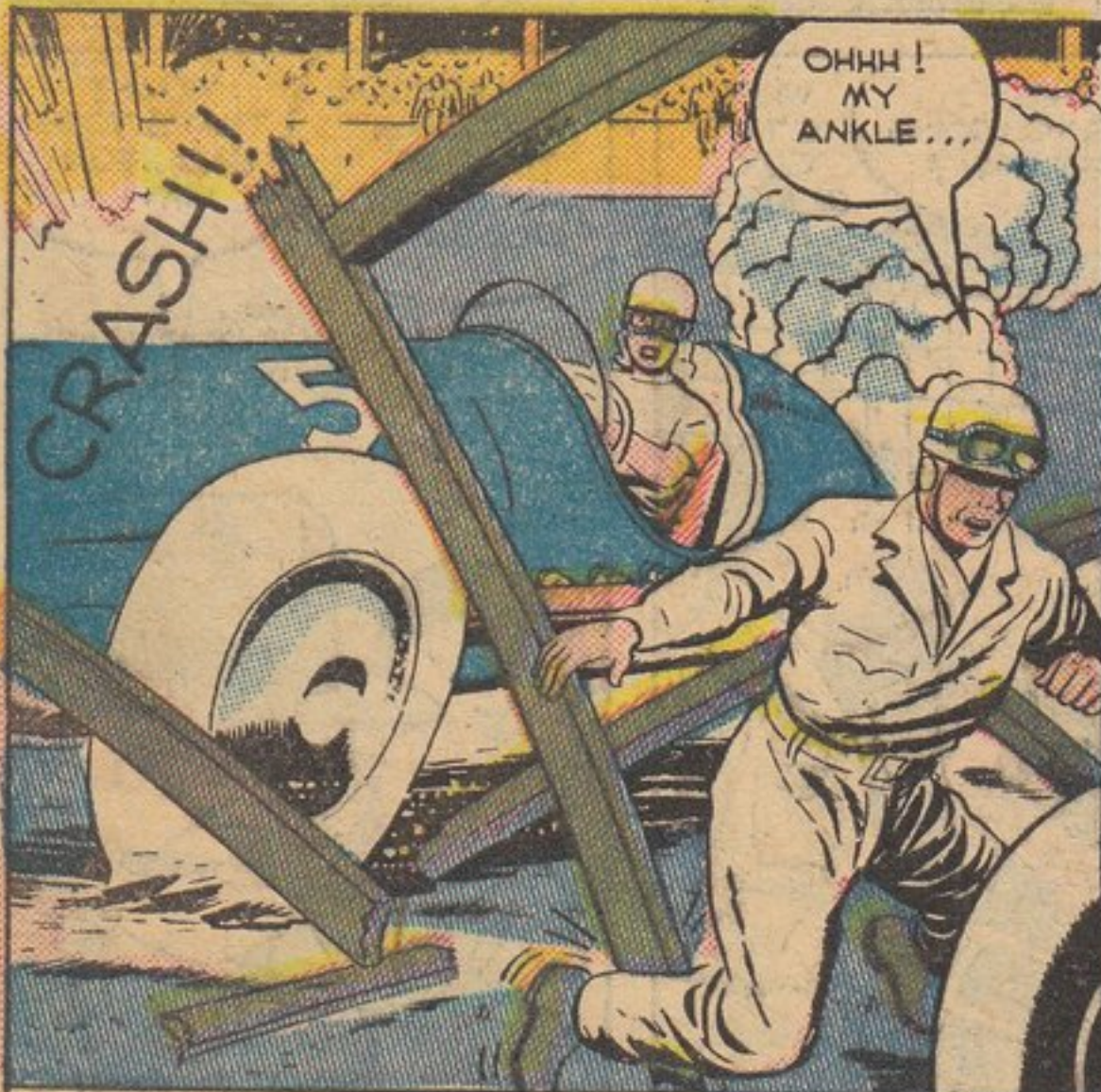


BETTER GET OUT ON THE TRACK, ROY! WE'RE GOING TO NEED THIS PURSE FOR OUR HONEYMOON! BY THE WAY, HAVE YOU FOUND FREDDIE YET?

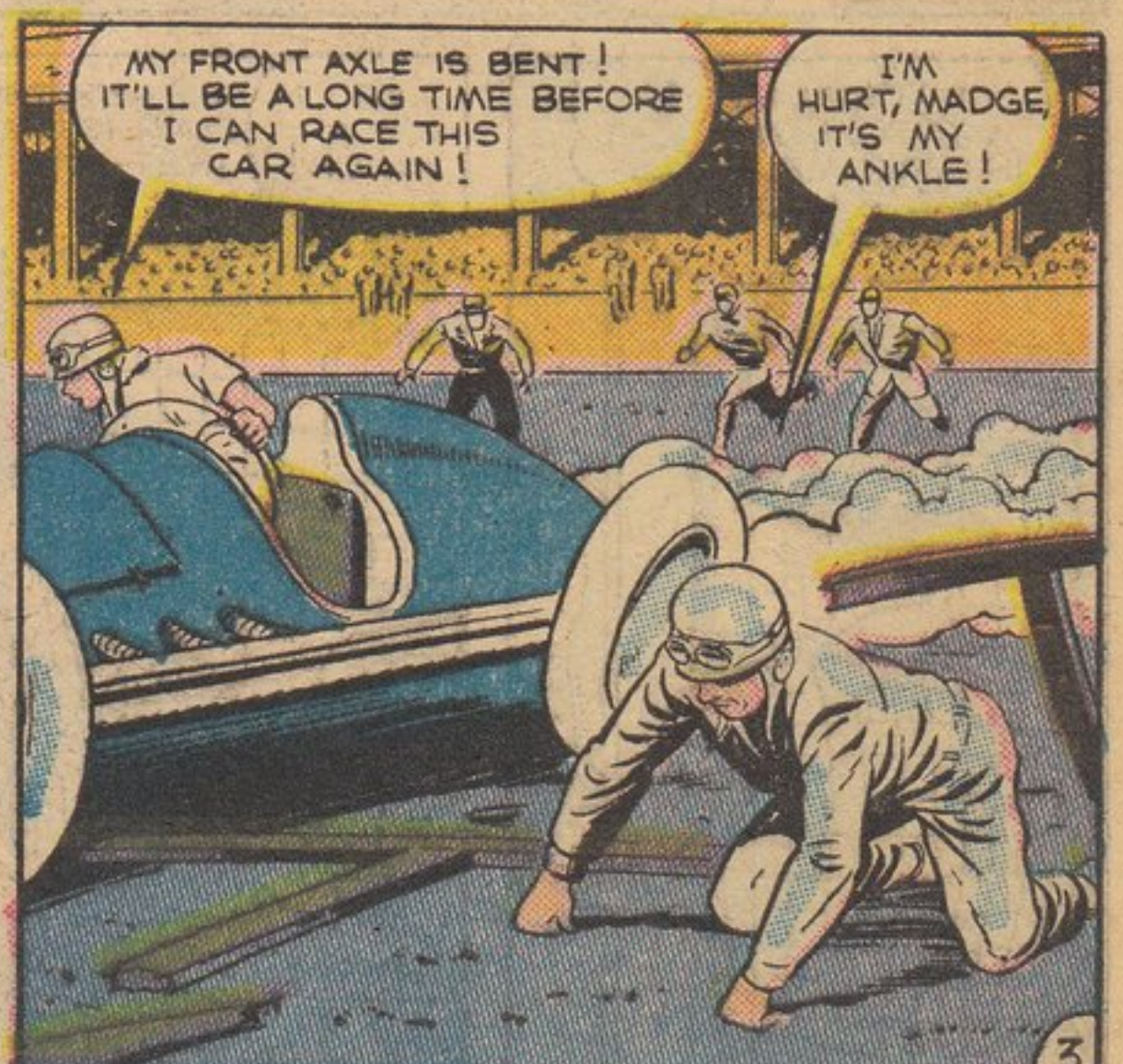
NO, MADGE, AND I'M PLENTY WORRIED! IT'S NOT LIKE HIM TO JUST RUN OFF! BUT DON'T WORRY, DAN FARRELL IS GIVING MY CAR A LAST LOOK! GO AHEAD, HONEY!



MADGE HAS A BLOWOUT! LOOK OUT, DAN!



OH!! MY ANKLE...



MY FRONT AXLE IS BENT! IT'LL BE A LONG TIME BEFORE I CAN RACE THIS CAR AGAIN!

I'M HURT, MADGE, IT'S MY ANKLE!

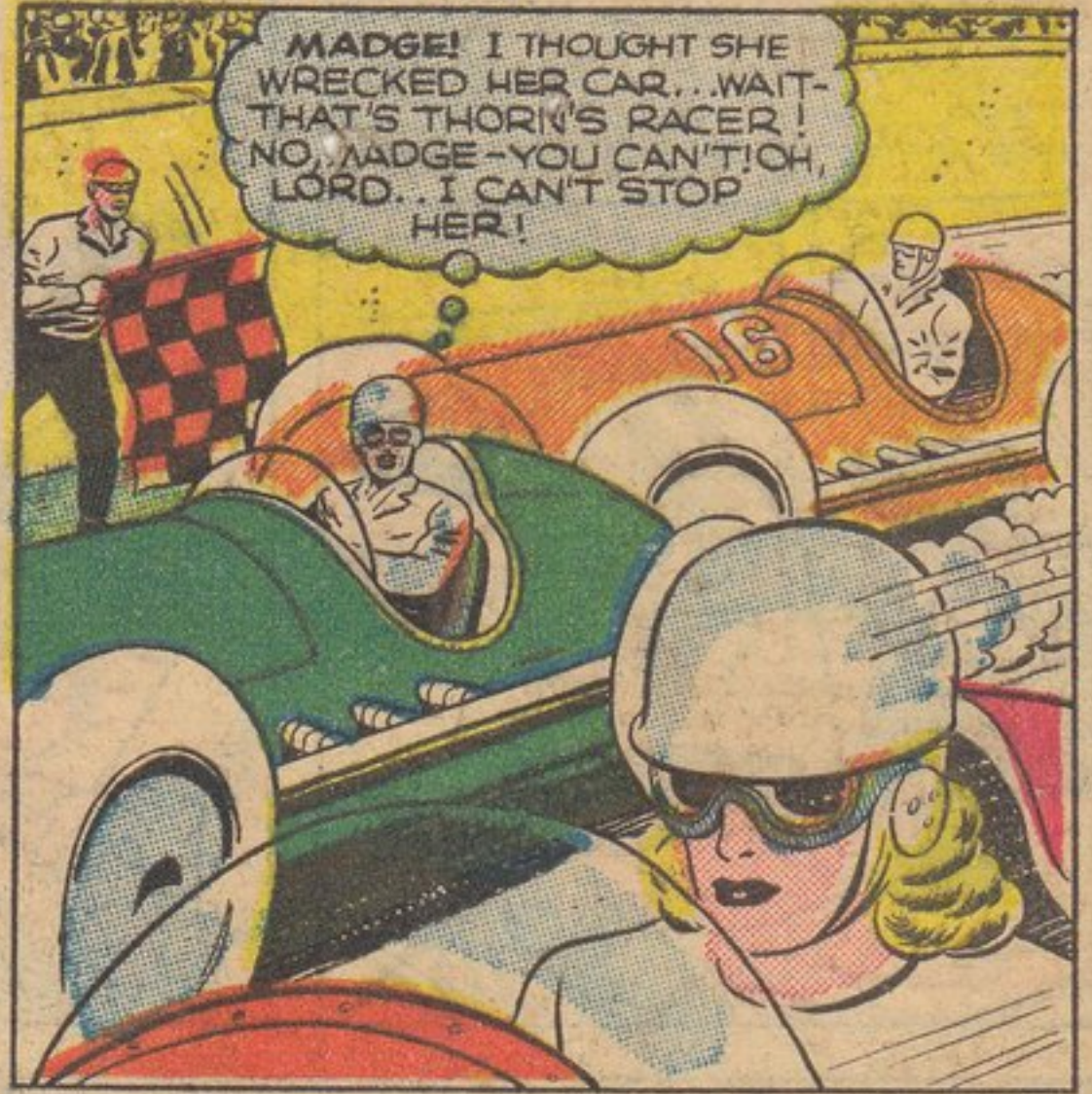
CRIME AND PUNISHMENT



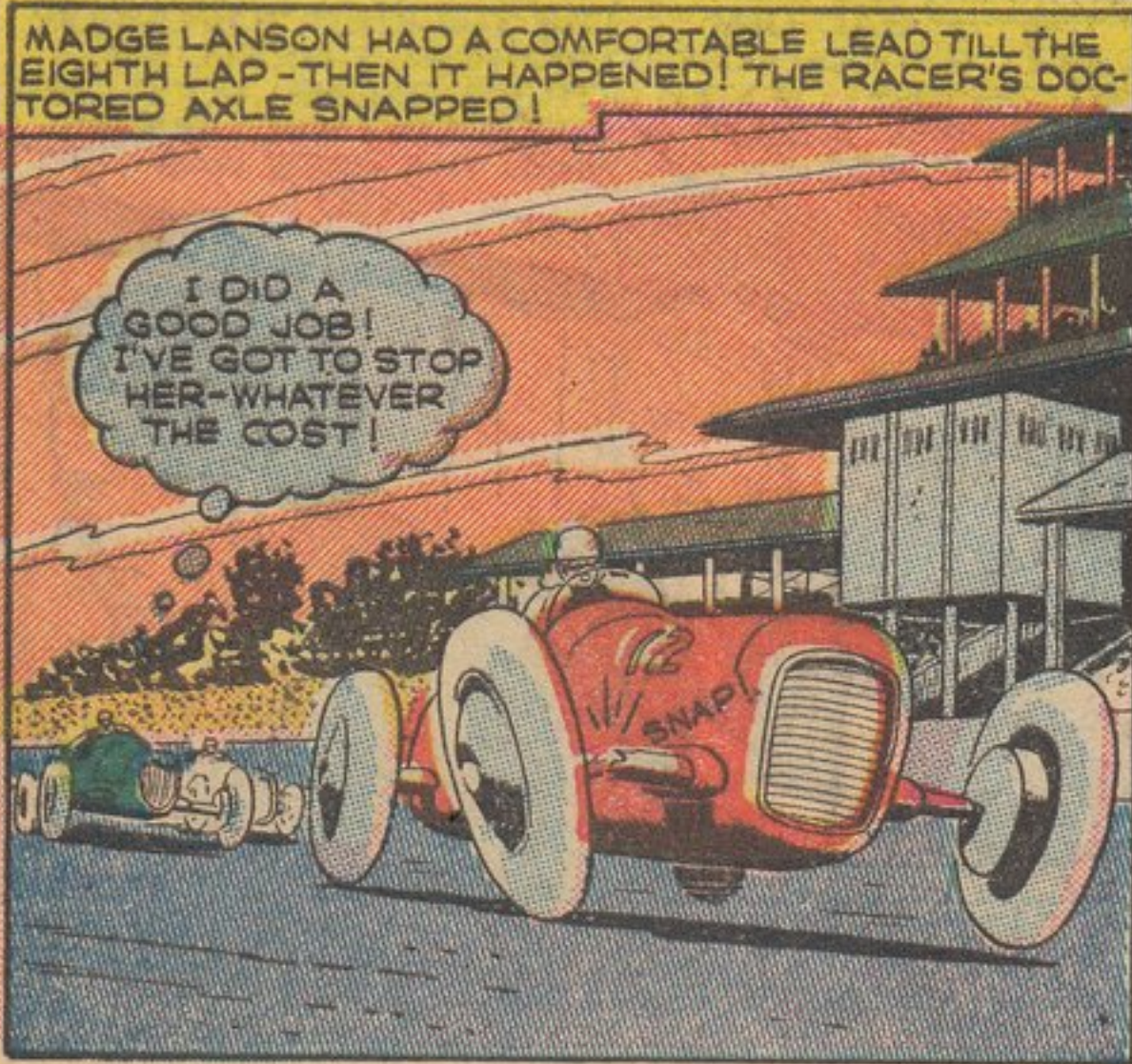
OH, DARLING, I'M SORRY... I WAS SO UPSET ABOUT MY RACER!

FORGET IT! YOU SAID WE'LL NEED THE MONEY! TAKE MY CAR, DEAR-YOU CAN'T LOSE WITH THAT POWER PLANT! GO ON BABY, PLEASE...

THE \$15,000 PURSE WOULD MEAN A LOT TO A YOUNG COUPLE STARTING OUT! MADGE TOOK OVER ROY THORN'S POWERFUL RACER..

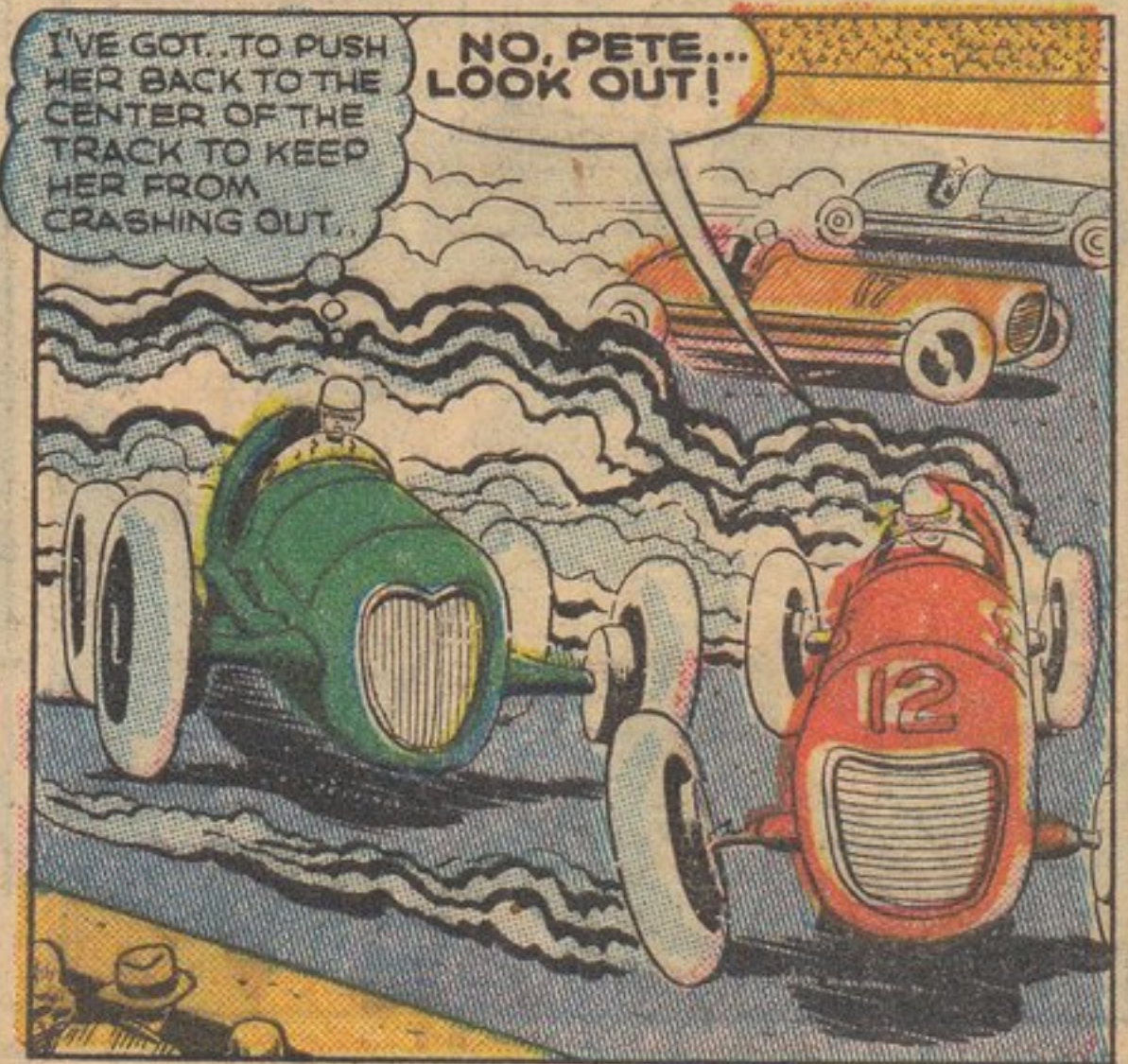


MADGE! I THOUGHT SHE WRECKED HER CAR... WAIT- THAT'S THORN'S RACER! NO, MADGE-YOU CAN'T! OH, LORD... I CAN'T STOP HER!



MADGE LANSON HAD A COMFORTABLE LEAD TILL THE EIGHTH LAP - THEN IT HAPPENED! THE RACER'S DOCTORED AXLE SNAPPED!

I DID A GOOD JOB! I'VE GOT TO STOP HER-WHATEVER THE COST!



I'VE GOT TO PUSH HER BACK TO THE CENTER OF THE TRACK TO KEEP HER FROM CRASHING OUT.

NO, PETE!... LOOK OUT!



IN PREVENTING MADGE FROM GOING OFF THE TRACK-PETE CRACKS UP!

CRASH!

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, MADGE?

YES BUT PETE'S HURT! GET OVER AND HELP HIM!



YES, RACING IS A DANGEROUS GAME, AND AMBULANCES WAIT FOR THE WORST TO HAPPEN...

OH... OH...

HANG ON, FELLER. YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT!



TAKE IT AWAY, JOE!

DON'T TRY TO TALK, PETE

G-GOT TO, ROY, NOT MUCH TIME LEFT!

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

PETE TALKED, AND THEY LISTENED, AND ROY TRIED NOT TO HATE PETE!

...IT WAS MY FAULT, ROY... M-MINE AND THEIRS... UHHH... YOU'LL FIND DOUGLAS HERE AT THE TRACK! S-SORRY, UHH...



HE'S DEAD!



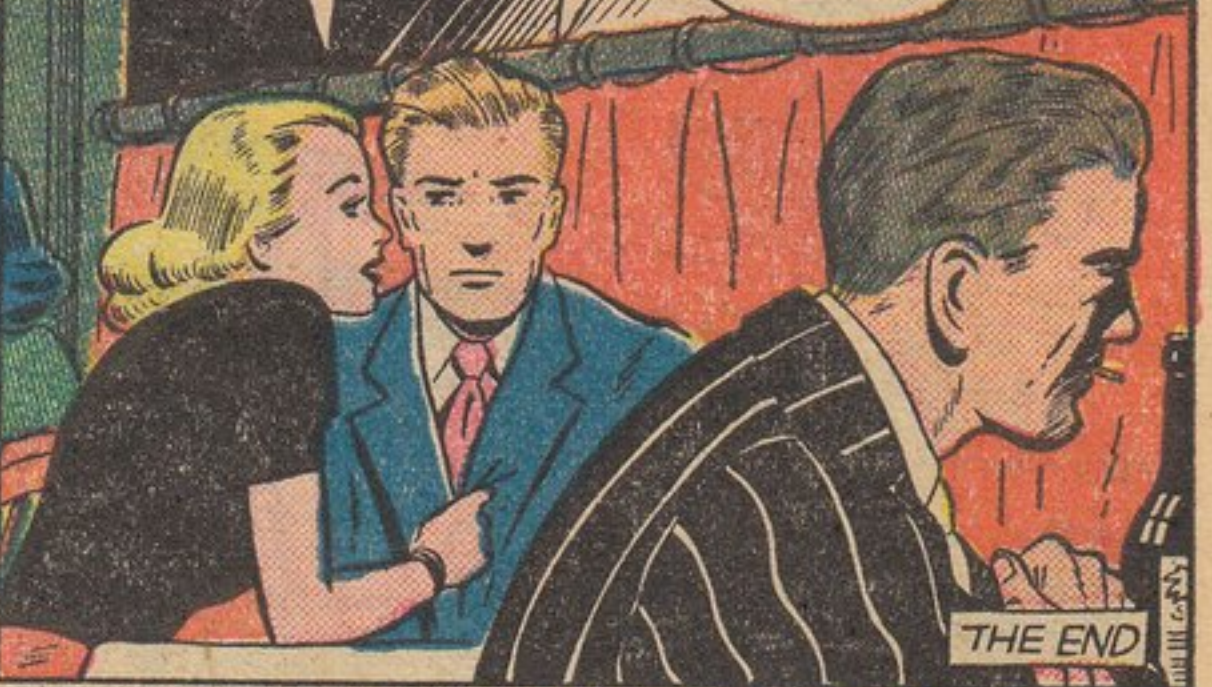
THEY CAME RIGHT BACK FROM THE HOSPITAL! THE RACE HAD JUST ENDED! IF ROY HADN'T RECOGNIZED THE GAMBLERS BY PETE'S DESCRIPTION, THEY GAVE THEMSELVES AWAY BY THEIR ACTIONS WHEN HE APPROACHED THEM!



UGHH... NO MORE.. PLEASE, I GIVE UP!
 YOU'LL NEVER FIX ANOTHER RACE!
 DOUGLAS MADE ME TRIGGER THAT MECHANIC!



LATER... IT'S BEEN A BAD DAY, DEAR... BUT DON'T LET IT GET THE BEST OF YOU! I'M SORRY ABOUT THE PURSE...
 IT ISN'T THAT, DEAR! WE'LL TIE THE KNOT TOMORROW, ANYHOW, THERE'LL BE OTHER RACES! POOR PETE, HE COULDN'T WIN... EVEN WHEN THE RACE WAS FIXED!



THE THREE GAMBLERS NEVER DID FIX ANOTHER RACE! THEY ALL DIED IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR FOR THE MURDER OF MECHANIC FREDDIE HENDERS!

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Dept. G-2107, Cincinnati 25, Ohio

Rush Absolutely Free the complete Harford Frocks Style Presentation so I can start quickly getting personal dresses without paying one cent for them, and making money in spare time.

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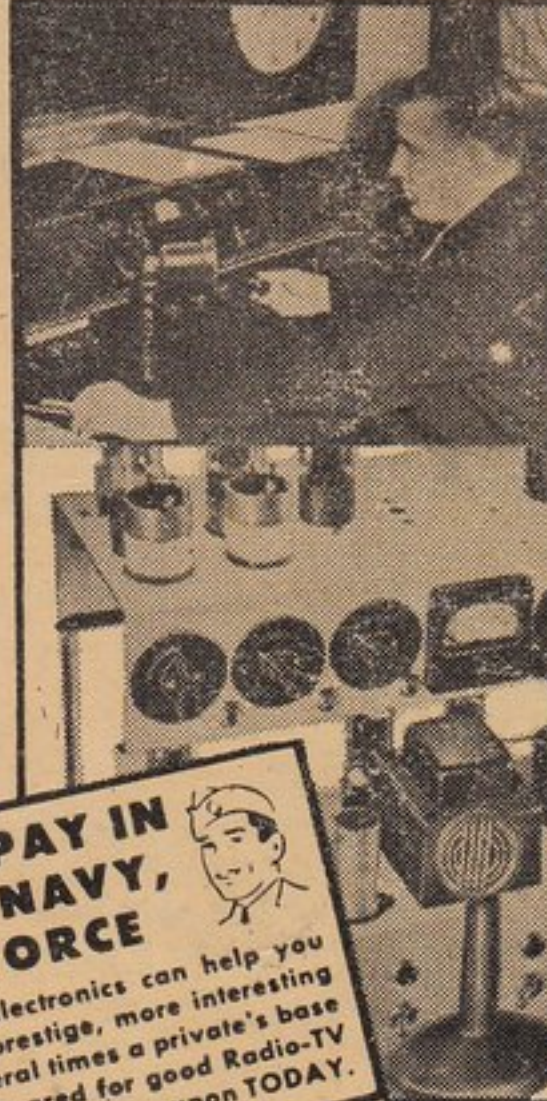


I Will Show You How to LEARN RADIO-TELEVISION SERVICING OR COMMUNICATIONS by Practicing in Spare Time



YOU PRACTICE RADIO SERVICING

You build the modern Radio shown below as part of my Servicing Course. I send you speaker, tubes, chassis, transformer, loop antenna, everything you see pictured and **EVERYTHING** you need to build this modern Radio Receiver. Use it to make many tests, get practical experience.



YOU PRACTICE RADIO COMMUNICATIONS

I send you all the parts to build Transmitter shown below as part of my new Communications Course. Conduct actual procedure of Broadcast Operators, practice interesting experiments, learn how to actually put a transmitter on the air.

**EXTRA PAY IN
ARMY, NAVY,
AIR FORCE**

Knowing Radio, TV, Electronics can help you get extra rank, extra prestige, more interesting duty at pay up to several times a private's base pay. You are also prepared for good Radio-TV jobs upon leaving service. Mail coupon TODAY.

NEW

I TRAINED THESE MEN

"After graduating, worked for servicing shop. Now Chief Engineer of three Police Radio Stations."—S. W. DINWIDDIE, Jacksonville, Illinois.



"While learning, made \$5 to \$10 a week in spare time. Now have a profitable spare time shop."—L. ARNOLD, Pontiac, Mich.



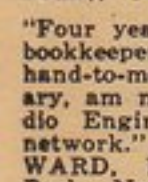
"I accepted a position as Radio and Television Technician was promoted to manager of Television Service and Installation."—L. HAUGER, San Bruno, California.



"Have my own shop. Am authorized serviceman for five manufacturers and do servicing for 7 dealers."—P. MILLER, Maumee, O.



"When I enrolled, had no idea it would be so easy to learn. Have equipped my shop out of spare time earnings. I am clearing about \$40 to \$60 a month."—J. D. KNIGHT, Denison, Tex.



"Four years ago, a bookkeeper on a hand-to-mouth salary, am now a Radio Engineer ABC network."—N. H. WARD, Ridgefield, Park, New Jersey.

I Will Train You at Home with MANY KITS OF PARTS I SEND

Do you want good pay, a job with a bright future and security? Would you like a profitable shop of your own? The fast growing, prosperous RADIO-TELEVISION industry is making these opportunities for you. Radio alone is bigger than ever. 90 million home and auto Radios, 3100 Broadcasting Stations, expanding use of Aviation and Police Radio, Micro-Wave Relay, Two-Way Radio for buses, taxis, etc., are making opportunities for Servicing and Communications Technicians and FCC-Licensed Operators.

Many Soon Make \$10 A Week Extra in Spare Time
Keep your job while training at home. Hundreds I've trained are successful RADIO-TELEVISION TECHNICIANS. Learn Radio-Television principles from illustrated lessons. Get PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE experimenting with circuits common to Radio and Television. Many students make \$5, \$10 a week extra fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time. Special Booklets start teaching you the day you enroll.

Television is TODAY'S Good Job Maker

In 1946 only 6,000 TV sets sold. In 1950 over 5,000,000. By 1954, 25,000,000 TV sets will be in use, according to estimates. Over 100 TV Stations are operating in 35 states. Authorities predict there will be 1,000 TV Stations. This means new jobs, more jobs, good pay for qualified men.

Send Now for 2 Books FREE—Mail Coupon
Send for my FREE DOUBLE OFFER. Get actual Servicing lesson. Also get my 64-page book, "How to Be a Success in Radio-Television." Read what my graduates are doing, earning. Send coupon in envelope or paste on postal. J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 2AM National Radio Institute, Washington 9. D. C. OUR 38TH YEAR.

**NOW! Advanced
Television Practice**

New, special TV kits furnished to build high-definition SCOPE . . . RF OSCILLATOR with flyback power supply . . . complete TV set . . . many other units. You see pulse, trapezoidal, saw-tooth wave forms. Get valuable PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE locating and correcting TV troubles. Mail coupon for facts, pictures and prices!

**A TESTED WAY TO BETTER
PAY...MAIL COUPON NOW**

Good for Both—FREE

MR. J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 2AM
National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.
Mail me FREE Lesson and 64-page book.
(No salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

NAME..... AGE.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....
 Check if Veteran Approved for Training Under G. I. Bill

**The ABC's of
SERVICING**



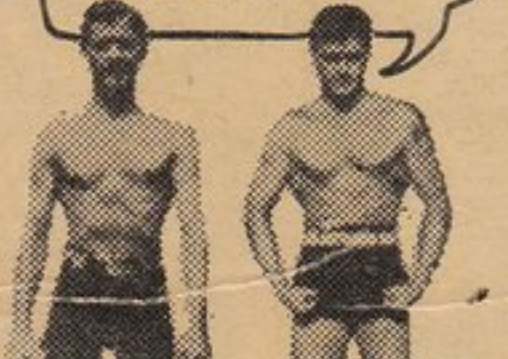


**How to
Be a
Success
in RADIO-
TELEVISION**



Will You Let Me PROVE I Can Make YOU a New Man?



LET ME START SHOWING RESULTS FOR YOU

 <p>5 inches of new Muscle</p> <p>"My arms increased 1 1/2"; chest 2 1/2"; forearm 1/2" —C.S., W.Va.</p>	 <p>What a difference!</p> <p>"Have put 3 1/2" on chest (normal) and 2 1/2" expanded." —F.S., N.Y.</p>
<p>Here's what ATLAS did for ME!</p>  <p>John Jacobs BEFORE John Jacobs AFTER</p>	 <p>For quick results I recommend CHARLES ATLAS</p> <p>"Am sending snapshot showing wonderful progress." —W. G., N. J.</p> <p>GAINED 29 POUNDS</p>  <p>"When I started, weighed only 141. Now 170." —T. K., N. Y.</p>

CHARLES ATLAS
 Awarded the title of "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man" in international contest — in competition with ALL men who would consent to appear against him.

Here's What Only 15 Minutes a Day Can Do For You

I DON'T care how old or young you are, or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. If you can simply raise your arm and flex it I can add **SOLID MUSCLE** to your biceps—yes, on each arm—in double-quick time! Only 15 minutes a day—right in your own home—is all the time I ask of you! And there's no cost if I fail.

I can broaden your shoulders, strengthen your back, develop your whole muscular system **INSIDE** and **OUTSIDE**! I can add inches to your chest, give you a vise-like grip, make those legs of yours lithe and powerful. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs, help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling! Before I get through with you I'll have your whole frame "measured" to a nice, new beautiful suit of muscle!

What's My Secret?

"Dynamic Tension!" That's the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny, skinny-chested weakling I was at 17 to my present super-man

physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—**my way**. I give you **no gadgets or contraptions to fool with**. When you have learned to develop your strength through "Dynamic Tension" you can laugh at artificial muscle makers. You simply utilize the **DORMANT** muscle-power in your own God-given body—watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real solid **LIVE MUSCLE**.

My method—"Dynamic Tension"—will turn the trick for you. No theory—every exercise is practical. And, man, so easy! Spend only 15 minutes a day in your own home. From the very start you'll be using my method of "Dynamic Tension" almost unconsciously every minute of the day—walking, bending over, etc.—to **BUILD MUSCLE** and **VITALITY**.

FREE BOOK 'Everlasting Health and Strength'

In it I talk to you in straight-from-the-shoulder language. Packed with inspirational pictures of myself and pupils—fellows who became **NEW MEN** in strength, my way. Let me show you what I helped **THEM** do. See what I can do for **YOU**! For a real thrill, send for this book **today—at ONCE**. **CHARLES ATLAS**, Dept. 254N 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, New York.



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I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

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